THE
NATION

MAY 10, 1958 . . 25c

OUR SCHOOLS NEED MORE THAN MONEY

Four Experts View the Great Debate

THE CANNONEER'S HOP

by Eugene Raskin

BUT IS IT A CHURCH?

by Eric Pearl

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LETTERS

The "Naive" Mr. Mayo . . .

Dear Sirs: Morrow Mayo, in his recent comments in *The Nation* [Failure of a Mission, issue of April 12] lambastes United States press correspondents stationed in Moscow for failing "to keep the American people informed of significant developments . . ." in the Soviet Union. And, in so doing, Mr. Mayo—described as a "veteran journalist"—displays remarkable naïveté. Hasn't he yet heard that our correspondents in Moscow are rigidly bound not only by censorship but by the ever-present fear of expulsion if any of their dispatches reveal anything the Kremlin tyrants don't want revealed? Does Mr. Mayo think that United States newsmen in Moscow have the same open-handed hospitality and freewheeling newsgathering resources possessed by their opposite numbers — the Tass Soviet "newsmen" — in Washington?

Personally, I hope that Mr. Mayo's Ohio newspaper will assign him to Moscow so that we here in America could have the benefits of his presumably capable journalistic talents—that is, if he comes up with new techniques in evading the traditional Soviet censorship.

VICTOR LASKY

New York City

. . . Hits Right Back

Dear Sirs: I would be happy to demonstrate. If any paper will send me to the USSR this summer, I will guarantee to send back, within a space of two months, much information of the type our people would like to read.

Mr. Lasky missed the whole point of my remarks. Of course there is censorship in Moscow on political and military subjects. I regret this as much as he does. But much of the advance of Soviet learning, education and science was not classified information. It was information that any country would be glad to have disseminated abroad; but because it revealed something admirable that was going on in the Soviet Union, our correspondents would not touch it.

My technique as a correspondent in the Soviet Union would be that of simple honesty. I would ask the help of Soviet writers, and I would send back nothing that was not first read and approved by the proper authorities. I would like to spend several days in Moscow schools, meeting teachers and students, and giving a clear picture. I am an amateur painter, having studied under Travis and Jankowski, and I would like to spend several days painting in Russian art classes.

I would seek a talk with Premier Khrushchev, and I would do so as a human being and not as a walking antithesis. I would ask him to talk about fundamentals — about Hegel, about Marxism, about dialectical materialism, which is the officially adopted philosophy of the Soviet Union.

What mankind wants is a lessening of the tension, peaceful coexistence, and a growing friendship between ourselves and the Soviet people.

MORROW MAYO

Euclid, Ohio

Brink-Reaction

Dear Sirs: In biological physics, the name *Kippreaktion* (brink-reaction) has been used for the process by which an event on a macroscopic level is, under suitable conditions, precipitated by a random microscopic event. However, perhaps one need look no deeper than at the not always predictable or rational behavior of human beings to recognize that there can be no "foolproof safeguards"—even against an accidental war. Now that we are regularly being led to the brink, and left there, the possible should soon be the probable.

The existence of a means of total destruction is in itself the greatest threat we can be faced with: unless we stop producing and storing nuclear bombs, immediately and even unilaterally, it may soon be recorded of us, in a universe of pure ideas and disembodied ideals, that we chose to die for principles by which we would not live.

BENJAMIN NELSON

New York City

Albert Camus' Plea

Dear Sirs: A number of American and European friends have formed a committee to help Spanish refugees. For us, the Spanish Civil War is long since ended; not so for thousands who now live in France with their families. For them the war continues, in suffering and privation. They endure poverty and illness with pride.

But we should ease their condition if we can. Our help can give them medical care, the tools for making a living, the hope for a life with some dignity. Whatever you do for them will make an immediate difference in their daily lives. Help them, I beg you, with cash, clothes, blankets. And, in advance, I thank you with all my heart.

Contributions should be sent to Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc., Room 421, 80 E. 11th Street, N.Y.C. 3, N.Y. Contributions are tax deductible.

ALBERT CAMUS

Paris, France

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Mr. Dulles Scores

When things go wrong over and over and over again, it is usually due not merely to the blows of fate, but to some basic error in the behavior of the person or group so beset. This has been the case with American foreign policy in the past few years, and the statesman most responsible has offered various explanations which had one defect in common: he never placed any of the blame on himself. But now, presumably at his initiative and certainly with his sanction, Mr. Dulles has tried something new and different and, not surprisingly, he has achieved a new, different and welcome result. Whatever action the Security Council may ultimately take in the matter of the S.A.C. Arctic sorties, the United States, and Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State, appear in an unusually favorable light.

The gravamen of the Russian complaint of April 21 was that in response to fortuitous images appearing on the radar screens of the U.S.-Canadian Distant Early Warning Line, the S.A.C. carried on hydrogen-armed flights in the direction of the Soviet borders, and that these flights were a threat to the peace. With standardized indignation, John Cabot Lodge, Mr. Dulles' mouthpiece in the United Nations, replied that this was pure calumny and that S.A.C. had to patrol the Arctic because of the danger of surprise attack by the Soviet Union. As usual, Mr. Lodge had the votes, and Arkady A. Sobolev, his Soviet opposite number, withdrew his resolution in the face of certain defeat. The trite theatricals of the two gentlemen left nobody very happy, since it seemed that the nuclear Armageddon had been brought a step nearer.

Normally matters would have rested there. But on April 26, Mr. Lodge launched what *The New York Times* called a counter-offensive on the issue. "The U.S. move," the *Times* suggested, "will focus attention on the fact that it is the Russians who have rejected measures to prevent attack and throw into question their motives and good faith in last week's protest." While Mr. Lodge did inject the usual quotum of self-righteousness into his proposal, there was more to it than that. In effect, he conceded that there must be some danger in all this radar-watching and fifteen-minute alerting, and in the "fail safe" maneuvers of the S.A.C. bombers. Accordingly, he proposed measures to allay fears of massive surprise on both sides—thereby conceding that the Russians, no more than the Americans, could afford to take at face value protestations of peaceful intent.

It was now Mr. Sobolev's turn to be indignant, and indeed it would be unconscionably difficult to make technical arrangements which, without fundamental change, would infallibly insure each of the two chief nuclear powers against the menace of the other. But the fact remained that a conciliatory move had been made. It had the charm, at least, of novelty, and it seemed to hold out some promise of halting the sweep toward Armageddon. Dag Hammarskjold, in an unusual and effective intervention, asked the Russians to follow through on this "first frail basis for the development of some kind of trust." They should. And so should Mr. Dulles. He has deservedly gained friends and thrown on the screen of world events a more ingratiating image of himself; perhaps he will learn the lesson that in the current international atmosphere of hatred and harshness a little conciliation goes a long way.

Liberals, Conservatives and the Court

It is ironic that on the eve of May 1, which President Eisenhower has proclaimed "Law Day: U.S.A."—"a day of national dedication to the principles of government under law" — the Senate Judiciary Committee should have voted approval, 10 to 5, of Senator Jenner's four-point bill to "curb" the Supreme Court. We are confident the bill will be defeated, but the fact that it was approved in committee is a measure of the extent to which the liberal and conservative positions have been reversed on the old issue of "curbing the Court." At the turn of the century, such liberals as LaFollette and Theodore Roosevelt, incensed by the Supreme Court's 5 to 4 decision blocking legislation against child labor, wanted Congress to have the power to overrule the Court by a two-thirds vote. The conservative screams against this proposal were, as Harry Barnard notes in his column in the Chicago *Daily News*, "so

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decibelic as to almost put another crack in the Liberty Bell." When a generation later the second Roosevelt—fearing that the Court might not uphold the National Labor Relations Act, and annoyed by its trend of decisions—proposed his "Court-packing plan," the conservatives again screamed their protests. But today the Jenner bill, cunningly conceived from a constitutional point of view and all the more dangerous for this reason, is supported by a large section of conservative opinion. To Mr. Barnard goes credit for having forced an important conservative journal to state its real reasons for encouraging Senator Jenner. Frederick Nelson, senior editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has informed the readers of the *Daily News* (April 28) that while the *Post* has not actually endorsed the Jenner bill, nevertheless it is in favor of something being done by Congress to save us from the danger of "judicial dictatorship-rule by 'Platonic Guardians.'"

Writes Mr. Nelson: "Something has to give, and for my part I hope it will be Warrenism. . . . Maybe Bill Jenner, whether or not he is 'to be pitied,' has scared 'em a little." It is strange to find the senior editor of one of this country's senior conservative publications suggesting that the members of the Supreme Court should be "scared . . . a little." To Mr. Nelson we would say this: many liberals made a mistake in endorsing Roosevelt's Court reorganization plan, *The Nation* included. A democratic society needs, we are convinced, a gyroscope of some kind to offset the tides of extremism and to keep it on course. That institution, with us, is the Supreme Court. Conservatives should profit by the mistake which liberals made in the 1930s and not turn against the Court because they would now like to see more decisions written to their specifications. The Supreme Court has ridden out many storms; it will ride out this one. But it might be endangered, some time, if a majority should reject the need for a gyroscopic instrument.

Who Respects the Law?

The five-man appellate division of New York's Supreme Court has unanimously upheld the ruling of State Education Commissioner James E. Allen that teachers cannot be compelled to inform on others as a condition for retaining their positions (see comments in *The Nation*, April 12). The Board of Education should set an example for its charges and the public by promptly reinstating the five teachers who, by pressing their position in this long and costly litigation, have demonstrated an admirable attachment to principle as well as a recognition of the fact that ours is, indeed, a government of laws. If the board wants to be malicious, it can probably force these teachers to suffer further expense, annoyance and delay. But doesn't it have an obligation to exhibit as much respect for the law as these five teachers?

His Finest Hour

Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is also president of a charitable fund set up in memory of his parents, Lewis and Rosa Strauss. In this latter capacity he has awarded the Albert Einstein medal and $5,000 to his friend and associate, Dr. Edward Teller. The award is made annually to "an outstanding contributor to human knowledge in the natural sciences." Dr. Teller calls himself the "father of the H-bomb" and takes great paternal pride in this monstrous offspring. His greatest contribution to science would seem to be the creation of the image of ultimate horror. It appears, therefore, that the award was given this year to the scientist whom Einstein, if he were still alive, would hold in deepest contempt.

We have a reciprocal suggestion for Dr. Teller. He should establish the Albert Schweitzer Award for humane statesmanship and present it to his boss, Admiral Strauss, as the civilian who has contributed most to the continuation of nuclear tests and the general poisoning of the atmosphere.

The Menace of Skepticism

An eminent scientist who, on the record, consistently knows what he is talking about, recently pictured to a typical American audience the horrors of nuclear warfare, in which those who die quickly from blast or incineration would be the lucky ones. At the end of his talk the listeners, instead of sitting in stunned silence or rising to march on Washington, applauded vigorously in appreciation of a rousing speech which they obviously didn't take seriously.

It is difficult for human beings to accept, as a hard and ineluctable fact, even the thought of individual death, much less that of the whole human race and all highly developed life on the earth. But in this case, comfort and precedent insulate us from reality. At the present rate of technological development the time will soon be here—probably is already here—when nuclear weapons, used in an all-out war, would leave nothing alive except perhaps some radio-resistant spores. Yet people everywhere view the prospect with calm detachment and go about their business.

It would seem to be a job for the psychologists. What are psychologists for, except to make people aware of reality as a first step to coping with it? In the field of nuclear war, however, the efforts of a sizable proportion of psychologists are devoted, not to preventing it or inducing people to think of it as a serious possibility, but to perfecting—if that is the word—the instruments by which the human race can commit suicide. In the December, 1957, issue of the *American Psychologist*, Dr. Arthur W. Melton reveals, with a kind of slaphappy exaltation, that 729 psychologists, or almost 5 per cent of the 15,000 listed in the 1957 American

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Psychological Association *Directory*, are working for the Department of Defense, Army, Air Force or Navy, or for agencies of the military. Some are civilians, some are in uniform. There is one full-time military psychologist in government for every 6.5 academic psychologists.

One of the crucial tasks of the military psychologist is to analyze the "interactions of human components and hardware components" and to come up with a "personnel subsystem tailored to the efficient and effective production of the human components of the new weapons system." As long as the combination works efficiently for a few minutes or seconds, it doesn't matter if the human components are irradiated, roasted, blasted or otherwise done in, and everyone else with them. Not much help can be expected in this quarter, but possibly some of the other 95 per cent will consider using their insights, skills and techniques to bring home to people that their own lives, the lives of future generations, and all the achievements of a billion years of human and pre-human striving are actually, this day, hanging in the balance.

Ice and Amity

In the Antarctic, parties of Soviet and American scientists and technicians exchange information, cooperate wholeheartedly in a manner rarely equaled in the corporate enterprises of their respective countries, and mingle socially with the utmost cordiality. There is no fundamental difference between the Russians and Americans who plot and scheme in Moscow and Washington, and the Americans and Russians who live and let live in the Antarctic. Cold and loneliness make them brothers. It would be easy to overrate the importance of the phenomenon, but it does seem to show that there is no law of human nature which decrees hostility among nations and races.

Our Dunderheaded China Policy

Despite 5,000,000 unemployed, a huge unsold inventory of automobiles, trucks and farm implements, and a vast unused plant capacity, the mind-set of Washington policy-makers against trade with China appears to remain as rigid as ever. Spurning trade with China is not the easiest way "to catch up with the Russians" who, as Mr. Dulles reports, are currently successfully pushing a major trade offensive. The Chinese were aggressors, true. But so were the Japanese, the Germans and the Italians. We trade with these and with Tito's Yugoslavia and Gomulka's Poland, both Communist states, as well. Nor can our policy-makers any longer fall back on the *sotto voce* plea that the policies they are making have been forced upon them by us, the American electorate, the sovereign people. Polls recently conducted by responsible newspapers on the West Coast, where sentiment was thought to be strongest against recognition of China, have shown heavy percentages (60 per cent in Portland, 85 per cent in San Francisco) in favor of a resumption of normal diplomatic and trade relations with that country. There remains that old tiresome bleat about the Chinese having nothing to offer in trade but pig bristles and chopsticks. Even so, unemployed auto workers in Detroit were no more pleased than their fellow trade-unionists of the Ford Company of Canada when that company recently felt compelled to cancel a Chinese order for 1,000 Canadian-built cars. A policy that handicaps American manufacturers, penalizes our workers, irritates Canada and other allies, and that gives the Soviet Union and its Eastern satellites a near-monopoly on current, and a virtual option on future, trade with China must be ranked as among the major diplomatic absurdities of the postwar period.

Easy Does It

As Kenneth Rexroth remarked in these pages a couple of weeks ago, what swings to one idiotic extreme in this country can be counted on to swing pretty soon to the other idiotic extreme. We play battledore with poppycock to the extent that our citizens assume a series of postures as unlikely as those of an Indian fakir. And not of their own will, whatever they may think.

For the last couple of years, "togetherness" has been the touchstone of American virtue: little blue heavens all over the suburbs, with daddy sawing plywood, mommy baking cakes and everyone getting together to re-paper the rumpus room. To say nothing of "teams" in Washington, "brainstorming" in business and crash programs in science. All very cozy, and people who don't look on life as an emotional rush hour on the subway have been viewed as odd balls and suspected of being intellectuals.

But now the word has gone out: "togetherness" is the bunk—we got to have room to let our personal identities grow. The new official campaign is well launched: an urbane and quite funny article by philosophy professor Charles Frankel in *The New York Times* Sunday magazine; a less urbane but faintly sexy snort in *Playboy;* and, for the homogenized hamburger set, a sermon in *Everywoman* that calls for an end to "togetherness" in the name of the founding fathers.

Of course "togetherness" is the bunk—together for what, for the Lord's sake!—but "apartness" when it comes riding in will also be the bunk. Are we going to set up little cubicles of contemplation adjoining the split-level living room? Zen for everywoman may be just a step away, and what a field day that will be for the how-to-do-it books on controlled breathing and the lotos seat.

A campaign we could back with some pleasure would be an all-out, no-compromise, nation-wide, full-color sales drive for the golden mean.

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THE GREAT DEBATE

The complexity as well as the importance of the educational problem facing this country are demonstrated not only by today's headlines, but by the current flood of books on the subject. It is of course impossible, within the confines of a magazine format, to treat the subject in extenso. *In the following four articles we have attempted to do no more than define the framework of the problem and to deal in some detail with some of its more important aspects: the teacher shortage, the questions of finances, curricula and pedagogical methods, the inherent difficulty of squaring the American concept of* mass *education with the concept of* quality *education. The writers are all experts in their field, with long experience in the practice as well as the theory of education.*

In addition to this special section, the reader's attention is invited to the book reviews, beginning on page 418, which cover recent important writings on education. The Nation *will continue to examine various aspects of the subject in future issues; already in preparation are two articles dealing with the graduate business school and with the "liberal" education which some corporations are now urging upon their executives.*

—EDITORS

1. Schools Need More Than Money . . *Alvin C. Eurich*

THE CURRENT emphasis upon "doing something about education" often leaves the impression that if only more money were available our educational problems would be solved. This approach is understandable in a country such as ours, where more people live comfortably and have more money to spend on luxuries than in any other nation of the world. More people have cars, refrigerators, radios and television sets; more people can also read and write than in any other major nation.

Actually, however, we *have* spent more money on education in recent years, yet the general situation has deteriorated. Between 1950 and 1957, school expenditures have risen 60 per cent and teachers' salaries 50 per cent. Despite this, our 1957 teacher shortage is 50 per cent greater than in 1950 and, although total enrollment is up only 30 per cent, we have 110 per cent more pupils on double shifts. Clearly we are confronted with problems in education that money alone cannot solve.

The situation is obscured because data about the number of our teachers and pupils varies so greatly that almost no two figures on the same subject by two "authorities" agree. From available figures, the "best guess" of our present need for teachers can be described approximately as follows:

Needed to fill vacancies caused by a loss from the teaching force each year	*95,000*
Needed to meet the demand for new teachers caused by added enrollment	*55,000*
Needed to replace sub-standard and emergency teachers	*91,000*
Total	*241,000*

This is a conservative estimate. It does not include teachers needed for almost two million children now in overcrowded and inadequate classrooms and going to school for less than a full day. It does not provide for enriching the curriculum. Nor does this tabulation include the growing number of unfilled vacancies for which no teachers can be found this year. New York City alone, for example, with the second highest teacher salary schedule in the United States, was short 2,000 teachers at the start of the 1957-58 school year. At midyear, Chicago found itself with 1,852 unfilled teaching positions in its public-school system. If estimates for these needs were added to the 241,000 teachers listed above, it seems reasonable to believe that the real number of teachers we need may be well over 300,000.

To meet this need we had last June a total of about 338,000 college graduates of whom only 109,000 were newly prepared to teach, and only 79,100 of this group actually entered teaching in the fall of 1957. Thus even if by some miracle the majority of our new college graduates go into teaching—which society could ill afford because of the serious need for college graduates in other fields—we would still be short of well-qualified teachers.

By no stretch of the imagination can this shortage be solved merely with more money. This is not to say that money is not needed; it is only to emphasize the point that something more is urgently required. The adequately trained people who might be drawn into teaching are just not there. In addition, there is intense competition from other fields.

IN THE early years of our history, according to Harold Clark, only about twelve occupations demanded high-grade manpower. Now there are about 2,200, with ten to twenty new occupations added to the list each year. The 1870 census lists 11,000 persons as scientists, teachers of science and technicians, in contrast to the 1950 census, which lists 1,011,000. The number of persons employed in just these three areas has increased at a much faster rate than the general population; if adequate high-grade personnel had been available,

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ALVIN C. EURICH, director and vice-president of the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education, served as the first president of the State University of New York and as a member of President Truman's Commission on Higher Education. He is the author of The Reading Abilities of College Students *and co-author of several other books on educational problems.*

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the increase would have been even greater.

At college level, the need for additional staff members has not yet become as acute as at lower levels, mainly because the pressure for student admissions has been less; for the last two years, students entering college have been part of a generation born before the country's birth rate began to rise sharply. Even so, the percentage of new faculty members with Ph.D.s has dropped from 31 to 23 during the past three years, while in the same period the percentage with less than an M.A. has risen from 18 to 23. If adcanced education and training mean anything in providing teachers of quality for the schools and colleges, this represents a sharp deterioration. At the same time, faculty salaries have gone up steadily. Where ten years ago salaries of $4,000 and $5,000 were usual, today salaries of $9,000 to $12,000 are becoming more common for full professors in major universities.

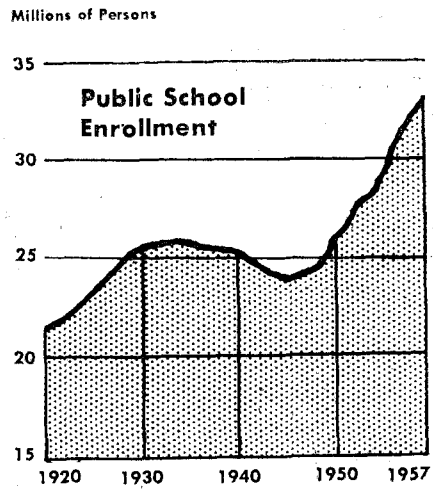
As for the closely related problem of increased enrollment, we have not even begun to experience the real impact of the rising birth rate on our educational system. The 2,559,000 children born in 1940 are now crowding our high schools, while the 3,632,000 born in 1950 are crowding the lower grades. In 1954, American births for the first time numbered over 4,000,000 and this figure has been maintained in the years since. This means a new wave of enrollments in the elementary schools for 1960 which will hit the high schools in 1968, although we have not even found a way to meet current overcrowding resulting from lower birth rates in the past. Thus by 1960 we will have 10 per cent more children in elementary school than now and, in 1968, 40 per cent more in high school.

SINCE RUSSIA successfully launched its satellites, the American public has become more deeply concerned with its long-standing educational deficits. The Soviet educational system is repeatedly pointed to as one which has provided the basis for Russia's impressive scientific progress, so we are urged to spend more in support of education in order to compete. Instead of urging a blind imitation of the Russian system of schooling, however, we should realize that Soviet methods and goals in education are entirely unsuitable for a country with democratic ideals. Yet we can learn from the Russian attitude, which gives top priority to education not only in discussions, but in action. No one is more important in Russia than the teacher, except for high party officials and perhaps the officials of industry.

As a result of this attitude, approximately 50 per cent of the university graduates in Russia go into teaching; and, in addition, most of the other half are qualified to teach. There is no teacher shortage. In the United States we have difficulty attracting even 20 per cent of our college and university graduates into teaching. Russian salaries support the Soviet belief that the important scientist is worth as much to the country as the head of a large industrial organization. The United States, in similar terms, assumes that the head of a big corporation is worth thirty-five to fifty times as much as an outstanding scientist.

WHILE IN the United States the average college faculty member's salary is little more than the average factory worker's, and a full professor's income is about one and a half times a factory worker's pay, the head of a department in a Russian university earns about eight times as much as the average Russian worker. In the Soviet Union, high premiums go to the highly competent teachers and scientists, with a more than 8 to 1 spread between the income of a full professor and the lowest academic positions. In sharp contrast, the average full professor in the United States earns less than double the salary of beginning instructors, and many college professors earn less than public-school teachers in large cities.

The USSR assumes that practically all major scientists should be in universities, spending at least part of their time educating others. In the United States, industry and business make positions for scientists so attractive that it is difficult to recruit them for college or university faculties, or to keep them there after they have accepted such positions. We seem not much concerned with having our most highly trained, talented manpower reproducing its kind by educating successive generations.



The major question confronting the nation in regard to education is simply this: will we try to solve our educational problems by appropriating more money to do more of the same things in the same ways we have been doing them in the past in our schools and colleges, or will we try to find more effective, more efficient and more economical procedures?

First and above all else, we need the approach that brings continuing progress in other areas of American life, where if we fail to find solutions by traditional methods, we question the procedures and devise new and more effective ones. We need to act on a basis of belief that education can be constantly improved; we must abandon our current passive attitude, which seems to assume that if a given educational practice has been used over a period of many years, it must therefore be the best possible. Had we adopted such an attitude in our industrial development, where would we be today?

At the present time anyone advocating a new teaching procedure is immediately put on the defensive by our educators, who demand proof that the new practice is as good or better than the old, traditional one. And yet at no time has proof been

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demanded or given that the older procedures are really effective, or even the most effective.

Take, for example, the question of class size. There are probably no more rigid notions in education than those regarding the number of students one teacher can handle effectively. We assume this number to be one teacher for every thirty pupils at the elementary school level, and one for every twenty-five in the secondary school grades. The unquestioning acceptance of these ratios represents the keystone of our entire educational system. Because of them, new school buildings are constructed with classrooms designed for twenty-five or thirty students. This, in turn, determines the number of teachers we need; and the design of buildings and number of teachers determine capital, operating and maintenance costs.

YET WE HAVE no evidence that these ratios provide optimum conditions for learning. On the contrary, fifty years of research on this problem is summarized in the *Encyclopaedia of Educational Research* with the following conclusion:

> Mere size of class has little significant influence on educational efficiency as measured by achievement in the academic subjects. Although experimental evidence does not provide a clear-cut answer to the class size issue, the general trend of the evidence places the burden of proof squarely upon the proponents of *small* classes.

Why, then, should we continue to place the burden of proof solely upon anyone who proposes *larger* classes? Would it not be more constructive if this line of reasoning were followed to another conclusion, namely, that what we need more than anything else in education is the application of ingenuity to the solution of our problems? The following questions challenge our imaginations and suggest areas in which new answers might be devised.

1. *Class Size.* Suppose that instead of inflexible adherence to old formulas we begin to apply our inventiveness to define and then provide the optimum conditions for learning for each student. We might then utilize some of our very best teachers on television and film to make them available to many more students than is now possible. This would mean that we must recognize that teachers, like people in other professions, differ considerably in their skills. Some would be found to be most effective with relatively large classes, and some with smaller groups. Some would have great talent for teaching on television, others would be much better in directing small group discussions. If we then set up schools to utilize this variation in human abilities to the greatest possible extent, what would this do to our rigid ideas of class size?

2. *Teacher Incentives.* Suppose, further, we begin to provide greater incentives both in prestige and income for teachers to improve. At the college and university levels we have done this to some extent by setting up a system of rank, ranging from assistant and instructor up to professor and distinguished service professor. But below the college level we label a person who is teaching in the classroom for the first day "a teacher," just as we call the most gifted and competent person with twenty-five years of experience "a teacher." We could, instead, set up a system of rank in the pre-college grades running somewhat as follows: assistant, tutor, instructor, teacher, television teacher—and pay each accordingly. Such a system, with salary gradations at each level, would offer constant incentives to teachers to improve and extend their effectiveness.

3. *Curriculum.* The late Ray Lyman Wilbur, while president of Stanford University, said that it is as difficult to change the curriculum of a college as it is to move a cemetery. We should ask ourselves why we teach the courses that we offer at every level of education, and whether our reasons for these offerings are valid in terms of what should be our prime concern, educating students. If every school in the country seriously asked itself which of its courses are absolutely *essential* for the education of students, it is likely that only a very small percentage of the courses now offered would remain.

All too often curriculum changes occur as a result of internal and external pressures unrelated to the learning process. Faculty members are frequently allowed to introduce courses which may or may not contribute to the students' education. When the teacher moves to another institution, the course continues to be offered. A short time ago I heard the end result of such thoughtless proliferation in the boast of a college president that it would take a student more than forty years, attending full-time, to complete all the courses offered in his college. Rather than something to be proud of, this seems to me a devastating indictment of his curriculum.

Course additions motivated by pressures from non-educational special interests also help to clutter up our curriculum. Recently, for example, a Mr. Reginald Johnson received the President's Award of the Salesmen's Association of the Paper Industry "for outstanding contribution in furthering educational programs for the industry." If you wonder how he advanced education, it was by attaining an increase in college courses devoted to the paper industry, with emphasis on sales.

Supposing we used an entirely new approach, and asked whether the curriculum could be worked out in relation to the *ideas* that have been important to the growth of civilization, rather than around subject-matter areas. We could begin by considering basic concepts essential to our democratic way of life, such as freedom and liberty, and teach them from one grade level to the next, to extend the pupil's maturity. We could go on to basic ideas in the physical sciences such as measurement, energy, momentum, stability. We would soon find that basic ideas overlap subject-matter fields. Would not a curriculum developed around such ideas and basic skills be more meaningful than scattered and elected subjects?

I hold no special brief for these specific examples or procedures. Some will work, others will not. But one thing is certain: unless we apply the same kind of ingenuity to educational problems that we have applied to other areas of American life, we will find no adequate solutions. Money is clearly not enough.

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2. Teacher Shortage: Cause and Cure . . *Irving Adler*

THERE ARE three distinct, though related, aspects to the problem of staffing the public schools: getting enough teachers, improving their quality and training them properly for their jobs. This article re-examines each of these aspects in the light of recent trends, and with particular reference to the effect that sputnik has had on thinking about school problems.

There has been a chronic shortage of teachers since World War II. Many factors have combined to create this shortage, but the basic factor is the rising birth rate. The number of live births in the United States has risen from 2.3 million in 1933 to 4.2 million in 1956. Predictions that the birth rate would level off at about this time have turned out to be wrong. It is still rising, and the trend toward early marriage and larger families promises to keep it rising. More births naturally mean more children going to school. The total enrollment in elementary and secondary schools has increased 39 per cent in the last ten years, while the number of teachers has increased only 32 per cent in the same period. The result has been overcrowding of classes.

One of the reasons for the lag in the number of teachers lies in the birth-rate figures themselves. The birth-rate graph is a great wave sweeping through the population and affecting different age levels with the passage of time. The supply of children now entering school comes from the crest of the wave. But the supply of young adults from whom teachers must be recruited comes from the 1933-38 trough. At the same time that we have more children to teach, we have fewer young adults to draw from for our teacher supply. This bare statistical fact is something that we cannot do anything about. But it doesn't mean that the teacher shortage is inevitable. A declining adult population by itself does not necessarily mean a shortage of personnel. It might have been offset by a rise in labor productivity which freed people from industry and agriculture to enter the teaching profession. This counter-trend did not develop because of the influence of other factors arising from national policies. But policies can be changed, so there is an area in which we can do something about the teacher shortage.

The national policy that, more than any other, has aggravated the teacher shortage has been the Cold War and the accompanying armaments race. It has had a triple effect on teacher supply: the growth of the armed forces to unprecedented peacetime levels has been a direct drain on manpower; the growth of industries that manufacture military equipment has been a further drain; the accompanying inflation, by keeping teachers' real wages low, has made the teaching profession seem uninviting to many young people. The third point has had particular effect on the supply of teachers for secondary schools.

However, the trends have not been all in the wrong direction. The number of teachers did increase by 32 per cent in ten years. Also, the fraction of the college population that prepares for teaching has steadily increased, from 24 per cent of all college students in 1947, to 32 per cent in 1957. However, this increase does not automatically assure a comparable increase in the number of teachers, because only four out of five who prepare to teach in elementary school, and three out of five who prepare to teach in secondary school, actually become teachers. Here we see the effects of higher salaries offered by industry. Moreover, the number of students preparing for different types of teaching positions does not match the actual need. Although the need for elementary- versus secondary-school teachers is in the ratio 2 to 1, the number of students preparing for these levels is in the ratio 3 to 2, and is declining. A special weak spot is the number of students preparing to teach mathematics and science. At the very moment when there is an increasing need for them, this number has been shrinking. While 9,000 science teachers were graduated in 1950, the class of 1956 produced only 4,300. The number of graduates who prepared to teach mathematics dropped in the same period from 4,600 to 2,500, and of the latter only two-thirds actually became teachers.

This picture is brightened somewhat by a new factor that has come into play in the last few years—a campaign to enlist as teachers mature college graduates who have been out of school for five years or more. This campaign has been directed especially towards married women who become available for work as their children grow up. Because of their maturity, their experience with children and their educational background, these women are potentially good teachers. More than one hundred colleges and universities in twenty-seven states are offering special training programs for them. Over 5,000 teachers have been obtained from these programs. If the campaign is pushed with greater vigor, many more can be enlisted to supplement the inadequate supply being graduated from the schools.

THE LAUNCHING of the sputnik dramatized the truth of the proposition that the industrial progress, and even the military strength, of a country depend on the level of education of its people. It stirred hope among school officials that now, at last, Washington would really do something about the school crisis. But the hope so far has proved illusory. For several decades, school officials have given the federal government proof that local tax resources are inadequate for financing public education today. If we want to raise teachers' salaries to a level that can compete with salary scales in industry, we need substantial

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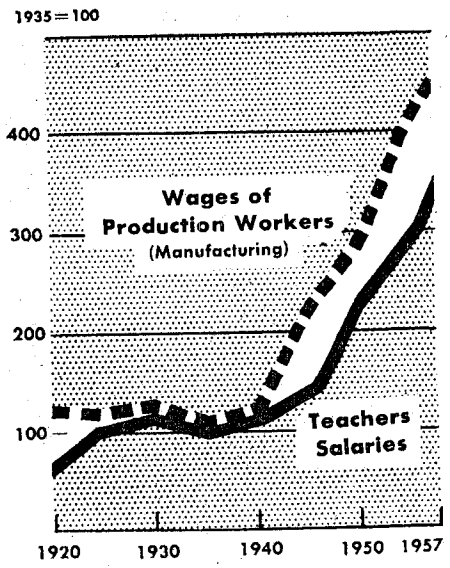
federal aid to education. But this plea has been falling on deaf ears. Sputnik seemed to offer a way of breaking through to the closed minds in Washington. Now educators could argue that federal aid to education is a military necessity, and therefore deserving of support. However, the argument has boomeranged. If military considerations are really paramount, then the military budget should get first preference. The President has already proposed that we meet the sputnik challenge by increasing military expenditures at the expense of other budget items. As a result, the prospects for federal aid to education are as dim as ever. The renewed emphasis on armaments also means a continued diversion of manpower into unproductive military preparations rather than constructive peacetime pursuits like education.

There are no short cuts to solving the school crisis. Not opportunistic emphasis on "military necessity," but disarmament and the reduction of international tensions are the roads to overcoming the teacher shortage. Only when we take this way will money and men now tied up in military preparations be made available for serving the schools.

WHEN THERE is a shortage of teachers, the schools are always under pressure to relax standards and to accept as teachers people with lower qualifications. One of the paradoxes of the present situation is that this pressure has been successfully resisted. Although here and there unqualified people have been granted emergency teaching certificates, on the whole professional standards have been maintained and have even been raised. The teachers in the schools today are better educated than those who taught ten years ago. A decade ago, only 46 per cent of teachers were college graduates; today, the figure is 70 per cent. Ten years ago, only twenty states required elementary-school teachers to have a B.A. degree; today, thirty-seven states have this requirement. Of course, the other 30 per cent and the other eleven states show that the problem of professional standards is still not completely solved. For example, in Iowa 21 per cent and in Nebraska 33 per cent of all elementary-school teachers have had less than two years of college training. In Nebraska, the situation is getting worse; 53 per cent of teachers appointed last year have had less than two years of college. But while Nebraska is moving backwards in this respect, the country as a whole is moving steadily forward.



The rise in standards of preparation is a direct result of a change in salary policy that has taken place in the last two decades. In the past, elementary-school teachers used to be paid less than those in secondary school; low standards were simply the reverse of the low-salary coin. After the war, however, the movement for a single salary schedule swept the country. In 1941, only one-third of the country's urban school districts had a single salary schedule; by 1949, nearly all of them had it. Higher salaries made it possible to require higher standards of preparation. It is interesting, too, that the states that have the highest standards have had the least difficulty in attracting young people to the teaching profession.

Some observers express a more pessimistic view of the quality of the young people who are becoming teachers. William H. Whyte, Jr., for example, in *The Organization Man,* complains that prospective teachers are at the bottom of the heap in I.Q. and in academic achievement. "It is now well evident," he says, "that a large proportion of the younger people who will one day be in charge of our secondary-school system are precisely those *with the least aptitude for education of all Americans attending college.*" However, I see no grounds for alarm here. Let us admit that the best mathematicians do not become mathematics teachers, and the best writers do not become English teachers. This is as it should be. The most competent mathematicians should go into mathematical research and the best writers should write. Any other employment for them would be a shameful waste of their talents. Besides, all of us who have gone to college know that the best scholars are not necessarily the best teachers, and vice versa. Granting that the people who prepare for teaching are not all sparkling intellects, this fact does not prove that they will be poor teachers. We have no more right to expect every teacher to be a creative thinker than we have to expect every automobile mechanic to be an inventor. The moderately capable college graduate may not become an educational innovator, but, with proper training and good supervision, he can become a competent craftsman.

This brings us to the third aspect of the problem of teacher supply: the kind of training a teacher should get.

IN RECENT discussions about teacher training, critics like Arthur Bestor have charged that schools of education pay too much attention to methods of teaching and too little to the content that should be taught. As a result, he says, they turn out teachers who know how to teach, but who do not know their subjects. Schools of education have countered by asserting that all the knowledge in the world is useless if it is not communicated. To people who observe this dispute from the sidelines, it may seem pointless; surely a teacher's preparation should include instruction in *both* content and methods. However, there is a real point at issue, and that is the question of choosing the best *time* for stressing one or the other aspect

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of teacher preparation. On this question, we may well be guided by the teachers' own judgment of the value of the preparation they have received. Most teachers feel that, except for practice teaching, the courses that they took in methods of teaching were of little help. Either the courses were too vague to have any bearing on real classroom problems, or too specific to mean anything to someone who isn't actually teaching. The best time to learn methods is while you are teaching, when the problems of teaching are real and immediate. It would be more appropriate, therefore, to put more stress on content during the period of pre-service training, and rely more on in-service training for mastery of methods.

HOWEVER, if in-service training is to be effective, there will have to be a radical change in the role of the supervisory staff in the schools. School supervisors are, presumably, the best and most experienced teachers, selected for promotion to positions of leadership. To exercise this leadership effectively, they should be free to use most of their time for the improvement of instruction through consultation on methods of teaching, the preparation of teaching materials, etc. Instead, they are usually submerged in administrative duties, so that their promotion means in effect removing their influence from the classroom. The weakness of educational leadership in the schools is seen most clearly in what happens to the newly appointed teacher, fresh out of training school. She is often plunged into a classroom to sink or swim. The supervisor is too much involved in office work to be available for daily consultation about lesson plans, classroom management and teaching techniques. In some cases, where the supervisor does have contact with the teacher, it is not as sympathetic guide but rather as fear-inspiring inspector with the power to hire and fire. That this happens far more often than it should is seen in the currency of the term "snoopervisor" in school circles. The solution to this problem may require a separation of administrative from supervisory duties, with a corps of people freed from routine clerical duties to concentrate on the job of helping teachers become better teachers. Perhaps the schools of education can help solve the problem by supplying specialists in methods who work in the field in a program of in-service training, rather than concentrating on pre-service training as they do today.

A third change in teacher training that is long overdue is a thoroughgoing re-education of the entire teaching profession on the significance of individual differences in a program of mass education. American school practices are based on the assumption that mass education is incompatible with the maintenance of high standards. We give our children intelligence tests to measure what is supposed to be their innate ability. Then we assume that those who score low are incapable of learning very much, so we don't try to teach them very much. Adjusting the curriculum to individual differences has taken the direction of diluting the curriculum. However, the experience of the schools in the Soviet Union shows that our assumption is false. In the Soviet schools there is mass education *and* the maintenance of high standards. This point seems to have been missed in much of the discussion of sputnik's challenge to American education. If we want to catch up with the Soviet Union in our output of highly qualified scientists and engineers, it will not be enough to identify a few more high I.Q. students and give them more intensive training while we neglect everybody else. Instead, we shall have to do what the Soviet schools have been doing all along, *establish high standards of education for everybody*. The fact that children do not all learn at the same rate and in the same way should be a spur to our efforts, rather than an excuse for not trying to teach them very much. It is time for the teaching profession to re-examine its thinking on this subject, so that it can discard false theories which have helped to impoverish American education.

3. Education for What? . . *William J. Sanders*

THE MOST amazing characteristic of public education in the United States is that its objectives are so lacking in clarity, and yet it enjoys such confidence as the means of correcting whatever ills—technological, economic, political, moral, social or spiritual—beset the nation. There is universal agreement that the quality of education should be better, that education should be better supported and be available to everyone. But public opinion is vague concerning what education *is* and what it is *for*. There is little or no consensus on what children should learn beyond the fundamentals, or how it should be taught; indeed there are differences of opinion as to what the fundamentals are.

There is no central authority governing education in this country. It is a function left to the states because the Constitution makes no mention of it. The states in turn delegated the function to local school districts, with more or less, but mostly less, state supervision. Consequently the kind of education offered is largely determined by the local school boards. This does not mean that local authorities are unaware of what is going on elsewhere. The colleges and universities in 1890 came to an agreement as to what applicants for admission should have studied, but these institutions of higher learning have since multiplied and become more diverse in their offerings and requirements for admission, and they no longer dominate the schools as they did at the turn of the century. Institutions that prepare teachers and supervisors for the schools are

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in communication with each other and have given rise to an educational profession that, from time to time, makes pronouncements on the aims of education which are often bitterly criticized by representatives of other institutions of higher learning as well as by the press and segments of the public.

Decisions as to what the schools are to teach and how they are to be conducted are not reached by the colleges or by the profession alone; since education is controlled by the "people," the pressures upon educational decisions are many and varied. For example, industry has supported vocational education to insure a supply of trained workers essential for economic prosperity. Labor has supported raising the age limits for compulsory education to guarantee educational opportunity for children of the working class and to limit the labor market. Humanitarians who wish to advance the general welfare and protect children from exploitation also support this move. The keeping of so many children in school until the age of sixteen, or in some states eighteen, poses a nice problem as to what all of them *can* learn or *should* learn. The schools have made remarkable progress in meeting the problem, but only to attract a deluge of criticism from those who believe solutions have been found at the expense of "standards."

Presumably, almost all children of school age are in school and ways and means are sought by statute, or by influence brought to bear upon school authorities, to teach them what is thought to be good. Understandably, in most states the teaching of American history and government is required by law; so are the effects of alcohol and narcotics. In addition, there are many kinds of "education" sponsored by organized groups: for example, education for conservation, economic education, thrift education (sponsored by banks and the United States Treasury), education for family living (sponsored by the American Society for Social Hygiene), education for nutrition (dairy councils *et al.*), health education, safety education (the National Safety Council), and intergroup and interracial education,

sponsored by organizations devoted to the elimination of religious and racial prejudice. The "captive audience" in the schools is a standing invitation to organized groups and industrial enterprises to "tell their story," and because what they offer has apparent merit, and those who offer it have influence, it is not frequently rejected. There are times, however, when it becomes difficult to distinguish between education on the one hand, and propaganda and advertising on the other. In any event, the school curriculum suffers from an embarrassment of pressures from such sources.

IT MUST NOT be overlooked that public education requires an enormous staff that has come to be divided into organizations based on special interests. The superintendents, elementary school principals and high school principals are organized; so are the teachers of all subject areas, such as science, mathematics, English, social studies, home economics, physical education, art, music, industrial arts, etc. The suppliers of textbooks and instructional equipment in these many areas constitute a large and influential portion of the economy, and are joined with the organized interests within the profession itself to seek greater emphasis upon their respective subject areas. No doubt these elements are sincerely convinced that the emphases they call for are good for American youth and the nation.

All of these forces are met in an attempt to provide an educational program housed in buildings that must be designed and equipped to reflect the program. Thus the architectural profession and the building industry, as well as organizations concerned with keeping public expenditures down, become involved.

It would be unrealistic to expect these widely differing interests to provide a united front when it comes to the definition of the aims of education. Indeed, their representatives frequently align themselves on opposite sides. Some find parts of the curriculum other than what they support to be quite objectionable; some find that the schools are anti-intellectual; others find them too intellectual. The one belief they all hold in common is that stress upon the area of their own particular interests will strengthen education and be of value to the nation.

CONFUSION about schools in the minds of many is due to their seeing only limited aspects of what the schools are doing. The fact is that there has developed, as a resultant of many forces, an educational system that is surprisingly good. High schools are organized into college preparatory classes and classes for those who will not go to college. Pupils are trained for business, and for trades and industries; girls learn how to run their homes successfully; both boys and girls are provided with opportunities to engage in constantly improving athletic programs; the musical and artistic performances of school pupils are getting better. Pupils with scholastic ability are identified and encouraged—even though they do not always receive encouragement from home—to prepare for college, and scholarships are found for them. Other pupils who have no interest in school and very little academic ability are prepared for useful occupations and civic responsibility. Our system, unlike European systems, is open; it is possible for those who do not choose to prepare for higher education when they enter high school to be guided into such preparation when and if they come to show ability.

The ideal, and it is one that is achieved in large measure, is to help every child develop his powers to the fullest. This means that the school, taking children of different

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capabilities and different rates of maturing, sets itself the task of preparing each one for a life that will be challenging to him, that will give him dignity and provide him with an opportunity to contribute to the welfare of his community and nation. It teaches boys and girls, through the social life of the school, how to get on with each other; and through the whole curriculum, how to develop self-discipline. The student who leaves school may return. The graduate from high school may take college courses after he has accepted a job. The mechanic or industrial worker may, through evening vocational courses, prepare for a better job. The farmer may upgrade his skill and knowledge during winter nights at vocational agriculture centers set up in schools.

The die is not necessarily cast at any early age; the American school does not, like European schools, freeze one into his place in a stratified social system. The child from a

A BRITISHER'S VIEW . . *by W. Kenneth Richmond*

Glasgow

Like most outsiders, I find a great deal to admire and envy (and much to deplore) in American education. Above all, I am impressed by the enormous energy which goes into it, the interest it arouses at all levels and in all sections of the community. By contrast, the British attitude is relatively lukewarm. It is true that many distinguished critics, Dr. R. M. Hutchins among them, would have us believe that America has become rich and powerful not because of its educational system, but in spite of it. I respect, and see the force of, their arguments: nevertheless I believe they are mistaken. The shortcomings and the vices of the Big Business approach to education are only too apparent, but if we ask how it comes about that education in the United States is big business, the answer can only be because it is felt to be everybody's business. Basically, the difference between the one-track system which America favors and the two-track system which prevails in Britain is the difference between an education that is provided *by* the people and one that is provided *for* them.

Since 1890, the American high school has been called upon to fulfill a dual function: providing a sound general education for the mass of non-academic pupils, while at the same time offering courses for the minority (substantial and growing but still a minority) who go on to college or university. It is not surprising, therefore, that in assuming this difficult role, the high school has never quite succeeded in allaying the suspicions of either of the two parties concerned—the so-called academic and non-academic groups. In opening its doors to all comers, in freeing itself of college requirements, in laying on an *à la carte* curriculum, in adopting a points system which purports to treat Laundry as somehow the equivalent of Latin, the school has gone to great lengths—some say to excessive lengths—to cater to the meanest as well as the highest intelligence. Even so, the feeling persists that it is still biased towards the college preparatory side.

The record shows that public opinion has been overwhelmingly against any move which sought to make secondary education more selective or to create special provision for the abler students. It may be conceded that in taking this line, public opinion has as often as not been inspired by motives best described as anti-intellectual, and that its influence has not been altogether for the good. Having said this, I still think that the resolute refusal to have anything to do with policies calling for differential treatment has been based on a sound instinct.

LOOKING back over the past two centuries, it can be shown fairly conclusively that the upward extension of the educational ladder—through the elementary school, thence through the high school and, currently, through to the junior college—has been nothing if not a popular movement. It can be shown, further, that attempts have been made all along the line to discourage this upward extension—and that many of these attempts have originated in the academic camp. Certainly some of the arguments of this outspoken school of thought are not to be ignored. No one can blink his eyes to the dangers of an education which is half-way to becoming the slave of public relations. No one should cherish the illusion that excess of quantity ever makes up for deficient quality. When it is known that the average American high-school graduate is nearly two years behind his opposite number in the English grammar school (at any rate so far as scholastic attainments are concerned), there is no room for complacency.

But in recognizing that the prosecution has a strong case, Americans will do well to make sure that a new problem of segregation, no less bedeviling than the one the South already has to grapple with, is not smuggled in by the side door. As things are, the existence of a large and growing number of exclusive, fee-paying schools in the United States, whether or not on the model of the English Public School, indicates that the desire of some to be "more equal" than others is as strong in the United States as it is anywhere else. It may well be, then, that behind all the complaints about the existing set-up there is the furtive desire to promote an intellectual élite. If so, the move is retrogressive and needs to be checked.

As England interprets it, equality of opportunity can mean only one thing—finding the best brains and seeing to it that they come to the top. The result is a selective system, the sheep being separated from the goats at the tender age of eleven. Solutions of this sort have their advantages, not least in guaranteeing high standards in the professional cadres, but it may be questioned whether they are quite so happy in satisfying the aspirations of the three-quarters who fail to make the grade.

It may be a sorry confession, but the truth is that England has never taken kindly to the doctrine of equality, still less to that of fraternity. Yet the fact remains that the social conscience here is uneasy, if not actually dissatisfied, with the present arrangement; and the signs are that, where she is not entirely bound by tradition, a solution in some ways approximating the American one will eventually be arrived at. It would, I believe, be both tragic and ironic if America were so far to forget her own native tradition as to move in the opposite direction.

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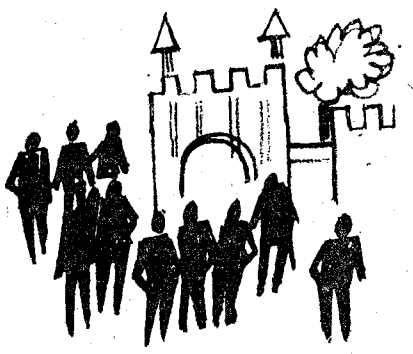
socially impoverished background can acquire confidence in school by learning accepted patterns of behavior that his parents could not teach him. The school prepares him to belong. It attempts to teach moral values to those who will not learn them at home and who belong to no church; in attempting to develop decent standards of taste and behavior, it competes fairly successfully with the distractions and depravities of adult taste that surround the child on all sides. It tries to provide a selected environment for five or six hours a day, 180 days a year, in which he will be prepared for life, and is criticized because it cannot do as good a job as private residential schools that keep him in such an environment for twenty-four hours a day. And it does these things even though the proportion of the national income expended for the schools is no greater than in 1900—slightly less than 3 per cent.

GETTING AGREEMENT on the aims of education is made additionally difficult by the fact that the social scene does not stand still. One cannot, from an ivory tower, set forth objectives for education without their becoming empty platitudes. The task is to make these goals effective by relating them to where the students are. But where are they? The character of the pupil personnel in city schools is changing as the character of the city changes. Families that have a relatively high cultural index are moving out of the cities and are being replaced by families from impoverished rural areas. Many of those leaving the cities are the children of immigrants of previous generations; successfully educated and assimilated, and with an improved economic, cultural and social status, they leave the city schools to cope with the newcomers. The suburban areas are becoming urbanized, and the rural areas suburbanized. Not only is there a desperate need for teachers and buildings in both these areas, but there is an even more desperate need for adjustment of the school program to the abilities and the needs of these dislocated children. Moreover, the mobility of the population is not only out of the city to the country, but back and forth across the country. It appears now that there must be some overall design for education that will make clear the goals of education implicit in the thinking of the American people, and let them know what to expect from the schools as they move their children from place to place. It will not be easy, but it must be done.

AT THE present time state departments of education, local school systems, school-board associations, and the colleges and universities are all concerned with the development of such a design. There does seem to



be some agreement emerging that the purpose of the school is not to peddle a mass of information, not to teach detailed practices, not to reiterate the simple counsels of common sense, the truisms that can be picked up from everyday experience, the chatter of adolescents, and television. The school is coming to be recognized as a selected environment where what is planned to be learned should be learned systematically in related patterns of means and ends. There is increasing agreement that the principles to be learned are those that *ought* to be learned, according to the judgment of knowledgeable adults in the light of what is known about the nature of the child and how he develops, and what is known about the demands that will be made upon him by the physical, social and political world in which he will live.

There is a growing agreement on the basic skills that children must master: the ability to speak, to listen, to read and to write. There is also a growing agreement that these skills are learned in connection with thinking, which is the relating of concepts within ever-enlarging patterns of means and ends, and that the basic skills are perfected through the development of such conceptual patterns.

THERE IS further agreement on basic disciplines. Mathematics is taught as a specialized language skill. It is the language of science, an excellent example of the shading of speaking and writing skills into the abstract conceptual range through the relation of quantitative symbols. The sciences, physical and biological, meet a natural need to know and to do. They are, therefore, not only interesting to the student, but their principles are universally applicable. In addition to being eminently useful and necessary, they provide the student with a sense of power and achievement. History, related to geography, economics and political science, gives him a perspective on contemporary society as related to the past and for the purpose of projecting the future. Literature, art and music deal with the moral and spiritual needs of men and women, with their aspirations, desires, internal conflicts, and with the nature of good and evil; in short, they deal with the many-faceted approaches to man's understanding of himself and what he would be. It is through these arts that men have expressed themselves, their feelings and ideals; therefore, they reflect the most important and most interesting activities in which men engage. They are the chief concern of human beings as long as they live. Through them, through the search to express the innermost and most essential of human needs, men develop that quality described as wisdom. Foreign languages should be taught to give students a linguistic sense, so that they can learn a necessary foreign language, when the time comes, with speed and confidence. Sports should be provided for all in school, both for the development of strong bodies and for the fun that youth derives from being physically active in competition.

The work must be organized according to the abilities of children; to this end, there is a growing conviction that the school should not

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be made up of different kinds of education. For those with greater academic ability, who may be expected to continue education for a longer time, the emphasis should be upon learning more abstract principles. For those who are not interested in the academic, or who desire to take their places in industry or commerce earlier, the emphasis should be upon the practical application of principles, as in shopwork, business practices and homemaking. Two things must be remembered, however: first, the student must have the best counseling possible in making his choice; and second, the way must be kept open for him to change, should it appear wise for him to do so at a later date.

Also, good taste in behavior must be learned in the schools. The schools are criticized for having added courses in personality adjustment, dating, etc. The feeling is growing that good taste in dealing with others will be learned best from working and living together within the framework of the school program.

The clarification of the aims and procedures of American education will be much more difficult and complicated than the slick, easy criticisms of the schools, appearing in print on every hand, would lead one to believe. It is one thing to point out the necessity of improving the quality of education, citing certain school practices out of context, to prove the point. It is another to show *how* it can be improved. The ideal program is no more likely to be advanced by professional writers, newspaper columnists, publishers or college professors of history (indeed, they have not advanced beyond the point of criticism) than by school-board members, superintendents of schools or teachers of home economics. The task requires a constructive, coordinated approach on the part of interested and thoughtful people representing every part of the body politic, an approach that will enhance the values of a national school program already unsurpassed in history, and that may reach a common understanding of what the schools should do and how they should do it. This will take time and energy, but the problem of designing a rational scheme of education for America is worth it.

BUT IS IT A CHURCH? . . *by Eugene Raskin*

THE CURRENT BOOM in church building has produced, along with the usual spate of innocuous traditional copies, a great number of unfamiliar-looking edifices in the modern manner. Over the land the Sunday morning eyes of churchgoers widen in mingled pride and perplexity, as even admirers of contemporary architecture are heard to mutter, "Maybe it's beautiful—but is it a church?"

The consternation and the attending controversy are not limited to laymen. At the 1958 Conference on Church Architecture, Walter A. Taylor, Director of Education and Research of the American Institute of Architects, remarked that in the church field his profession is "suffering from architectural indigestion." On the other hand, Father Reinhold, an authority on Liturgical Art, writes, "A church building that does not speak the stylistic language of the age in which it is built . . . is suspect of escapism by using a style that is dead." The reversal of what might have been the expected attitudes of these distinguished gentlemen is characteristic of the general chaos surrounding the question. Perhaps the only clear fact that emerges is that we will have no significantly expressive church architecture until we — architects, clergy, laymen — learn what religion actually means in mid-twentieth-century America. It is impossible to express a thought you do not have.

Setting aside the architectural battle for the moment, let us examine the boom itself. It is, of course, not an isolated phenomenon, but part of the overall building spree which in the past decade has jammed our cities with new office buildings and covered our countryside with new developments to swell the numbers of those who struggle, like desperate salmon, in the daily commuting stream.

New residential areas mean new inhabitants—people in the process of forming new roots. Many are young couples with small children and a consequent concern for the standards, physical, civic and moral, of their new communities. They want to join in the fight against delinquency, grade crossings and thick-headed school boards. They want to make desirable friends in whose company they can drink martinis and exhibit their barbecue equipment. What more direct way to do all this than through the church? And if existing churches are inadequate, or if there's no church at all, why not build? In the recent era of prosperity, the money has not been hard to raise. The new people are mostly well-to-do, and church contributions, after all, are deductible.

To these "practical" reasons one must add the apparently sincere desire of many young families to rediscover the values of religion—perhaps in search of emotional security in an atomic world, or perhaps in simple revolt against the revolt of their parents. In any case, the climate of religious revival is certainly at hand, and the churches multiply.

What puts the architect into his expressive dilemma is the new emphasis by the church on social, civic and welfare activities, out of which to a large measure the increased demand for churches grows. That means club rooms, class rooms, social halls and the like, in addition to the normal provision for worship.

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These new functions of the church call for new architectural solutions, not merely in terms of physical elements, but more important, in terms of the expressive statement, on the whole, through architecture, of how we feel about God and the religious act.

In the Middle Ages there was no such problem. One knew very well how one felt about God, and in what spirit He was to be approached. God was an impenetrable mystery, to be worshipped (in an equally incomprehensible language) but never to be understood. The Gothic cathedral, with its high, dim vaults, its darkly glowing stained glass, its cold masonry and its miserable acoustics which gave such enchanting overreverberation to every sound, was a perfect setting for the flowering of this attitude and the ritual that dramatized it. The power and clarity of this architecture remain unsurpassed. The point, of course, is that both the power and the clarity were possible because *that which was to be expressed,* a particular attitude towards God, was strong and clear in the minds of the people and their architects.

In the Renaissance, God emerged from the new wave of rationalism and materialism with most of His mystery washed off. He became, instead, the most successful Merchant Prince and General of them all. Small wonder, then, the image having become what it did, that churches took on the forms of Roman palaces and temples—ornate, gilded and tapestried to the saturation point. Mysticism was dead: long live Monumentality!

New England saw God become a democrat; again, the church told the story. No ostentation, no glamor, no mystery. You came right in, and if there was something you wanted to talk to God about, you stood right up and told Him what was on your mind. To repeat, the simple clarity of this architecture stems from a direct awareness of what religion was all about and what it meant in that period. The architect had no trouble with expression, because he knew exactly what he had to say.

Today the poor architect just does not know what his church is to say. For God is no longer the Merchant Prince, the Democrat or the Mystery. In this country, at least, He is more often than not the Director of the Community Center—a concept not easily susceptible to dramatic architectural statement. (The problem applies to the churches of all denominations, though with perhaps special acuteness to synagogue design, since Judaism in America has less architectural tradition to lean on.)

Not that the architect of the mid-twentieth century is any less gifted than his predecessors. In fact, with the vast technology now at his command, his range of artistic expression is greater than during any period of the past; in commercial, residential and public architecture breathtakingly exciting work is being done. The gags of traditionalism are utterly cast off and a new architecture is springing up, speaking vividly of the values of our culture. But when it comes to church architecture, the values themselves being unclear, the best we hear is a kind of noisy double talk.

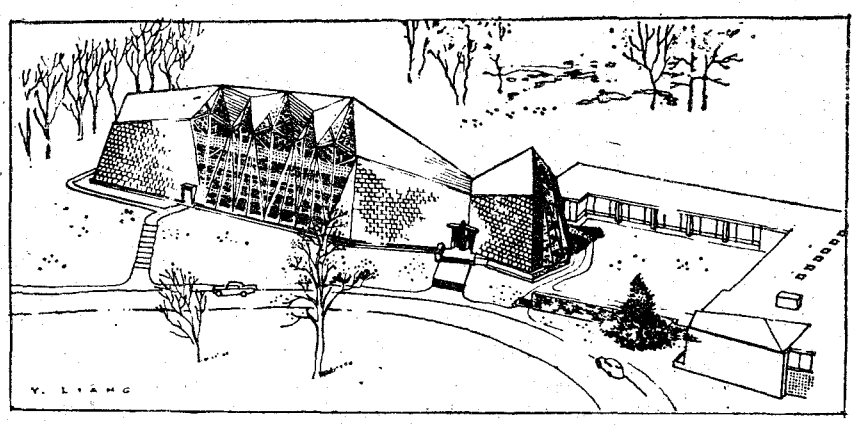
Clearly there is no longer room for stylistic traditionalism, since any disavowal of the new social orientation of the church would be as dishonest as the anachronistic architecture it would imply. Father Hope, writing in *Commonweal,* says, "Any art which today aspires to fulfill the needs of the Christian community . . . must spring from an outlook that is social rather than individualistic. . . . For the enormity of mankind's anguish is too real . . . to be wished away by sentimental fancies in paint or stone or plaster."

A new and valid contemporary church expression must be found, regardless of how many eyebrows are lifted and sentiments offended. But, of course, it is a search easier called for than realized. Church boards and architects, being only human, are not always unswerving in their dedication to the ultimate ideal. Understandably, they are sometimes affected by other factors, of which at least three deserve consideration.

Prestige, for one. Stamford, Connecticut, for example, may want to show the world that it is an up-and-coming community, beside which its neighbors, Norwalk and Danbury, can hardly be rated as much more than horse-and-buggy towns. This noble purpose is, one must confess, admirably served by a dashing new church built in the shape of a fish, made of triangulated concrete ribs. [See architect's sketch at left.—Ed.] At the risk of being called a cynic, one is tempted to suspect that the design was inspired by at least a hint of a desire to do something striking, rather than an unadulterated effort to discover and express what God means in this day.

A second factor exists in the commendable wish to assert the rightness of religion in modern life. An "advanced" church design is most helpful in this task, since it states that the worship of God is far from old-fashioned. On the contrary, it is as up-to-date and progressive as Freudianism and nuclear physics. The more "advanced" the design, the stronger the statement, until the sad result is that emphasis substitutes for conviction, dramatics for drama and form for content. The architecture says much, but conveys little.

The third operative factor is the



First Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Conn.: Harrison and Abramowitz, Architects.

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ego of the architect himself. An architect is, after all, a creative artist, which means that no matter what he is building a monument to, it is also a monument to himself, the subjective individualism of the creator being an inevitable part of all his work. Sometimes, however, the objective content of what he is dealing with is of such decisive clarity that the marks of his own personality become subordinate in the total effect. But since such clarity fails to exist today in the meaning of religion, a church commission understandably begins to suggest to the architect an opportunity to exhibit his exuberant originality, rather than a challenge to his insight into the essence of the question.

Nevertheless, it is in this last factor—the creative ego of the architect—that the most significant hope for the future of church architecture lies. It is always the artist, in the end, whose task it is to synthesize and give moving form, in picture, word or structure, to the basic values of his period. When an architect comes along who both feels deeply and is able to externalize the meaning of religion here and now, we shall have a church architecture of true import.

One such architect is Le Corbusier. In his church in Les Vosges, he has both felt and stated this meaning. With plastic concrete shapes, freely molded, he has found an organic expression which speaks effectively of the unity of soil and man as works of the same Creator; but it is a statement which, however valid for peasant-rooted France, would hardly have equal application to an automotive, commuting America.

The answer has not been found, but in a thousand church-board meeting rooms, and a thousand architects' offices, the search goes on. Meanwhile, to those who on viewing the latest hyperbolic-paraboloid ask, "But is it a church?" one can only reply, "It is, if you think it is."

LEARNING the CANNONEER'S HOP . . *Eric Pearl*

ANYBODY WHO has ever been in the army must realize that his training period revolves around the verb "simulate." Except for a week of marksmanship competition on the rifle range, the new recruit, during his first eight weeks of basic training, is expected to simulate practically everything: fear, respect towards his officers, wonder, even a degree of interest.

Once basic is over, if the recruit enters one of the service branches as a supply clerk, or goes into Intelligence, Graves Registration or Personnel, he will probably have to simulate very little. He will also, it may be noted, have to do very little. But if he enters one of the combat arms, whether it be infantry, the armored cavalry, or the artillery, he will only just have begun to simulate. Almost everything that occurs during the training in one of these branches is like the twenty-second inning of a nothing-to-nothing ball game. It all involves what the Army has labeled a "simulated tactical situation." The idea is to make individual training more practical and to make unit training seem more real. This may mean anything from standing on the chow-line five yards apart from one's neighbor to the camouflaging of a bivouac in such a way that only the battalion commander's shiny new jeep is visible from the air. It covers a variety of discomforts.

To the two- or three-year man stationed overseas, or who is on a tactical maneuver with a regular TO & E [Table of Organization and Equipment] outfit, this kind of simulation will very shortly become dreary and routine and therefore bearable, but in the career of the new six-month reservist (or short-timer), the act of simulation and the "tactical situation" seem to be a pathetic waste of his time and energies.

The alert short-timer reasons that he is in the service to be trained, or that he has pulled a fast one on the government and he wants to get it done with even faster. In either case, although he may be prepared to waste time and even to goldbrick, he is unprepared to waste his time simulating, or, as is so often the case, simulating the wasting of time. For he wants to learn as much as possible about many different aspects of his branch of service, so that when he returns to his Reserve unit he can gain a certain amount of rank and status and thereby narrow down his chances for future inconvenience. But the men in the Pentagon and at the different training camps throughout the nation do not see the problem of training the reservist in quite this light. They probably decided that training a man to be versatile would be at best a kind of military dilettantism (already plentiful in the Reserves) and at worst would create an unruly mob of 400,000 "jacks-of-all-trades." Thus they decided to use the Regular Army system of drilling a man in one particular specialty until he knew it like the callous on his palm. To do this, steady, harassing simulation was deemed absolutely essential, and the results often turn out to be quite interesting.

For instance, let us consider the Field Artillery. Even the readers of the tabloids know that field artillery is fast becoming obsolescent for any future large-scale war. However, even its most vituperative detractors have to admit that it would still be of great utility in another limited conflict such as Korea. Furthermore, as a result of Korea, the Army Ordnance is overstocked with guns and howitzers. So they still find it necessary to train gun crews and detail crews (wiremen, surveyors, fire-direction computers) for the field artil-

ERIC PEARL, a teacher and poet, is a veteran of the Reserve Forces Act of 1955, who apparently earned —though never received—a Purple Heart at Fort Chaffee.

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lery. One of the most active training grounds for reservists in the Field Artillery is to be found at Fort Chaffee in the scraggly, eroded hill country of Southwest Arkansas.

Fort Chaffee is one of the newer Army posts. Named after General Ada Chaffee, one of the pioneer American advocates of mechanized warfare, it was for a long time an armored center. Then, with the expansion of Fort Knox in Kentucky, and after the lessons learned in Korea on mountainous terrain concerning the relative inefficiency of tanks, it was converted to artillery. During the last few years (aside from a small basic-training complement and a specialist school command of about the same size), artillery crimson has been the order of the day at Chaffee; and, since the passage of the Reserve Forces Act in 1955, it has trained mostly short-timers.

It is estimated that 50,000 reservists have been instructed in the Artillery Training Center. By far the largest percentage of these have been trained as cannoneers. Now this training can be broken into two uneven parts. After basic, there is a second eight weeks of individual training, followed by six weeks of unit-training in a somewhat abridged and simulated TO & E outfit. For these fourteen weeks a rigid training schedule has been developed which accounts for every hour of the day. Aside from classes in sex education, citizenship and character guidance, and simultaneously with duties in his home battery—such as KP or latrine orderly—the reservist is oriented first in the mission and purpose of the artillery; then he is shown some quasi-technical movies on the basic functioning mechanism of the howitzer; he is next trained step by step as a cannoneer; and lastly he is led through a series of drills and simulations. This might be an excellent method of teaching something as complicated as anti-aircraft detection or the firing of liquid-fuel missiles which require long, complicated count-downs and safety checks. It might even be a desirable program for the weekly training sessions of those reservists who are not on active duty, so that they can maintain themselves at some level of

readiness. But the young reservist who is on active duty very soon discovers that the care and operation of a howitzer is plainly not the most abstruse of subjects. In those moments when he is not aggravated by the pompous assertions of his superiors that he is basically unteachable, he is overcome by an immense ennui.

The "cannoneer's hop," you see, is not a difficult step. In fact, one need only have the use of two arms and two legs to master the "laying of the piece," as the setting of deflections and elevations is called. What little brain work there is belongs to the fire-direction computers. Thus a fantastic division of labor occurs. If it takes only two to tango, it takes twelve to do the cannoneer's hop. In a howitzer training section, there is one man who merely sets the fuse; another loads the gun; still another removes the empty cartridge casing and stacks it neatly along the side for Ordnance to collect; another pulls the lanyard. . . . (One old sergeant, a veteran of both Korea and Normandy, once confided to me that he had never had more than four men on his gun in all the time that he was in combat and that they still fired an awful lot of rounds.)

The idea is to get quick precision registration and firepower out of light artillery. The system probably originated with Lord Nelson or with Michael Kutusov; or perhaps it is something left over from those days before the Reserve Forces Act when mostly draftees were being inducted and when those who scored lowest on their GT scores, or who had no other usable training, qualification or aptitudes, were sent either to the infantry, the armor, or the full artillery like lambs to the simulated slaughter. This is no longer the case. Our present reservists are not receiving Military Occupation Specialties (MOS), or job-titles, because of their test scores; they do so on the basis of the Reserve units from which they come.

But when a man joins a reserve program nowadays it is usually because his draft board is in hot pursuit of him, or because he is eighteen and a half or under and wants to get his time in before going on to college. In either case he is recruited by the Reserves, assigned an MOS, and sent off to active duty without any of the usual processing or interviewing that takes place in the Regular Army and, in some cases, without even taking a physical. (There were boys at Chaffee who suffered from 60 per cent blindness or a severe lack of muscular co-ordination [two of the usual 4F categories] but because they had technically enlisted and because they were only short-timers, it was not adjudged desirable to process them out. Some were made permanent latrine orderlies, but some are now serving in your ready reserves.) The reserve officers neither know nor care to know of a man's potentialities until he returns from active duty. So he is merely fitted into the first available slot in their TO & E

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roster; and the very first available slot in the TO & E roster of a line battery of a field artillery battalion is usually as a cannoneer.

The man who is thrust so awkwardly into such a gap might very well be capable of performing a more complicated and useful function for his country. It was not surprising to discover at Fort Chaffee the shocking number of college graduates, or even men with graduate school training as lawyers, architects and, of course, writers, doing the cannoneer's hop in any one of the multitudinous training compounds.

To any sensible civilian the sight must be disquieting. Imagine a huge compound, about 500 yards square, surrounded by high wire fences. In one direction there are drab rows of narrow, rectangular classroom buildings. In the other direction are the even longer rows of howitzers with their muzzles pointed at low elevation. The area is neatly policed; the buildings, although buff-colored, are immaculate; and the guns have been freshly painted olive drab. It is a cold, gray afternoon, or else it is blistering hot and dusty (it is always one or the other in Arkansas). There are groups of trainees at attention behind each howitzer. They are trying to listen to the hoarse commands of a large, enthusiastic sergeant who is wearing a red helmet liner and a red scarf along with his fatigue uniform, and who is mounted on a small podium to their front.

It is very much like a game of musical chairs with a little roughhouse thrown in. The first command is: "At ease, you goddamn Cannonballs. At ease!" The men's bodies stiffen with anticipation and worry. There is a moment of dreadful silence broken by the command, "CanNonEeers Post!" At this, the Number One man goes through his simplified duties one at a time. Then he moves down the line to become the Number Twelve man; the Number Two man takes his place, and everybody else moves up a slot. Sometimes the wind howls or it begins to drizzle. Sometimes the sergeant has to bark "At Ease!" even louder to demand attention. But the big switch continues, rain or shine.

This grotesque ballet goes on for eight uninterrupted weeks in the short army career of a short-timer. Only then are the men moved out into the field for live firing and for their training in RSOP, or bivouac. But before this transfer can take place, they are supposed to pass what is known as a proficiency test. Those men who are not bored senseless, and who meet the minimal requirements for belonging to what the zoologists call the primates, pass easily. But a surprising number of the brighter sort do not. I suspect that many of these, after eight weeks of tedium, are interested either in making fools of the army by deliberately failing, or else they have had resort to the subterfuge of one almost continual sick-call for the eight weeks of their training. Even so, the number of men who fail is usually admitted to be quite negligible. There would certainly be many if the men were not threatened as they are. But the threats are also negligible, and for cycle after cycle the rigid monotony of the cannoneer's hop continues, while thousands upon thousands of young men are trained to be bored, to be insufferably lazy, or to be, at best, somewhat reluctant automatons servicing a somewhat inefficient weapon.

I WAS ONE of the luckier ones. So that this won't seem like just another case of sour grapes, let me state right here and now that I was privileged because I was not chosen to be a cannoneer. Instead, I was given the opportunity of going to Radio-Telephone School. In fact, the only real contact I had with the cannoneer's park was when I was ordered to walk guard around it late one wintry evening. I suppose I shall always keep this image of myself circling that empty compound with an empty rifle over my shoulder, trying to find an empty boiler room to hide in and warm up, as a symbol of the inadequacies of the training program. For, if somebody had come along that evening and had tried to steal some of our priceless equipment, I think I might have welcomed him with open arms. I know that I certainly would have been hesitant to call the Commander of The Relief, because he would have been sound asleep and would have been very angry at being disturbed.

I was about to discuss my eight weeks in Radio-Telephone School. The words "radio" and "communications" are given a high priority in the Army's vocabulary; they would seem to indicate skilled labor of a sort, and when I was notified that I was to go to the school, I must confess that I was excited with my prospects. I had visions of myself with that intense look on my face, adjusting my ear phones, trying to detect dit from dot, flashing frantic code messages around the world. I bragged to my wife about the hi-fi system I would be able to construct for her—and I went to my first few classes in a real state of anticipation.

Being a short-timer, however, I was not to be trained as a code operator or as a radio repairman. I learned very soon that my course was to be no more esoteric than that of my colleagues in cannoneer park. I discovered, in fact, that the radios which we were being trained to operate were about as difficult to handle as my little Philco portable at home. I was to learn nothing more than how to turn a radio on and how to shut one off, turn it on, shut it off, on, off. It required simulation, dedication and no skill.

But in my case it paid to be ignorant. At least I didn't have to do the cannoneer's hop and, because I was going to school, I was considered a specialist by the cadre. Thus I was able to miss bivouac and a host of other nasty details. Nevertheless, I couldn't help sharing the guilt of my superiors for having let me get away with all this; and, as I used to sit and look about my classroom at the many B.A.s and M.A.s and L.L.B.s who were turning on and shutting off their radios, or as I looked through the window at the even greater number who were policing the area outside, I couldn't stop myself from thinking what a waste of talent it all was. I suppose the Army thought differently.

After all, we were only in for six months. Six months wasn't like being in the *real* Army. It was only a simulated army experience. So what more could we expect?

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Perspectives on Education

1. *In the Colleges*

CHANGING VALUES IN COLLEGE. By Philip E. Jacob. Harper & Bros. 174 pp. $3.50.

Leo Marx

FOR five or six years after World War II our colleges and universities enjoyed a golden day. It was a time when everyone felt the excitement of the war's end and a return to sanity. As a group the veterans were superior students, and as long as they dominated the colleges there was an unusually crisp, adult tone about the academic enterprise. One of the chief attractions of the veterans was that they, like the students of the now legendary thirties, were *engaged.* (The currency of this word is an expression of the same nostalgia as the legend.) They had a vivid sense of a world beyond the academy. As for the others, the young ones fresh out of high school, no teacher was surprised when they proved to be a bit pallid and dull by comparison. The explanation was obvious enough, or so it seemed at the moment.

When the veterans went home, however, the change in atmosphere was shocking. Not only were the new students young and inexperienced, they were mysteriously unreachable. So far as anyone could tell they were not interested in ideas or books or art or politics. Teachers complained about their intolerable passivity and self-absorption. What sort of people were they anyway? No one seemed to know, but obviously something more than five years—or even a war—had come between them and the veterans. What was it? Only recently have we begun to grasp the meaning of this change.

We can learn a lot about it from this carefully documented, sober and devastating book. Here Professor Philip E. Jacob, who teaches political science at the University of Pennsylvania, brings together the results of many recent studies of higher education. Though he is chiefly concerned to gauge the effect of college teaching upon student values, his survey accomplishes much more. Among other things, it confirms some of our more dismal hunches about the transformation of the national character now under way. Our typical college student, as Professor Jacob draws his profile, is an all too plausible product of post-war America. Like Picasso's lady in front of the mirror, he has two faces.

One face is turned to a private world full of promise, while the other stares at public doom. Indeed, what is most striking about this student is his schizoid way of protecting himself from the contradictions in what he knows and feels. When, for example, he looks to his personal future he is "gloriously contented"; images of prosperity and domestic tranquillity dance in his head. But he has no doubt that World War III will begin within twelve years. On one side he expresses supreme confidence in his control over his own destiny, but his public face is blank and weak. It never has occurred to him that he might do anything to change the way we live in our business culture. He accepts the whole pattern, having decided long before he came to college that the only thing to do is get ahead as quickly as possible. Hence no civic or political activity interests him. Although he goes to church, he sees little if any connection between religion and his everyday experience. He honors traditional values, such as honesty, but he is as likely as not to cheat on examinations.

TEACHERS will be amazed, I think, to discover how familiar they are with this statistical model. From top to bottom a deep fissure runs through the student's system of belief. Is it any wonder that he seems a bit withdrawn? We compare him unfavorably to the students of the thirties, but they never had to face anything like the ambiguities of his world. To be sure, they too lived at a time of drift toward war. But they did not have to cope with the simultaneous temptation of soft suburbia, or the general moral paralysis of this moment. We complain about the passivity of this generation, but where in all America do we hear anyone effectively resisting the general drift? In the thirties the college student could look to his elders. Where are the heroes of that epoch today? They are as silent as the silent generation, and doubtless for the same reasons. The difference is that their minds were not shaped by the forces of silence. They can remember another state of mind, which is all very well, but no excuse for bullying the young. In a curious way Professor Jacob's cold statistics make one feel *sorry* for this berated generation.

What happens to them while in college? The answer seems to be nothing much. The bulk of the book is devoted to this question, and it is probably unfair to sum it up so concisely; and yet, so far as student values are concerned, all the evidence suggests that our higher education changes little or nothing. A few exceptional colleges do create the sort of highly-charged atmosphere in which the cultural bias dissolves; and a few exceptionally endowed teachers do manage to stir the minds of their students. But for the most part formal college training does not touch the place where beliefs are kept. Indeed this book suggests that much of our current discussion of education is founded upon an exalted notion of the powers of pedagogy.

In spite of the endless tinkering with curricula, the efforts to implant a relativistic idea of social institutions, the ingenious experiments with general education, the truth is that most students take their cues from social realities, not ideas. While professors talk, students teach one another the real lessons of American life: mind your own affairs, keep somewhere near the middle of the group, smile, and you'll get along. After four years our students are more tolerant, more acceptant of the world's way, and

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From American Panels

Coffee Break

The Counter is a curve,
Waist-high; no seat;
They also serve
Who only stand and eat.

Winter Resort

For miles the human form
Obliterates the sand;
The sky is blue and warm,
The beach, all skin, is tanned.

"Togetherness"

The lone wolf is God's mistake;
The joiner is the *summum bonum*
Because enough of him will make
E pluribus unum.

ERNEST KROLL

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more like one another. Not that they were a parcel of individualists when they arrived at college—even then they were a "remarkably homogeneous" group. But college proves to be another vehicle of conformity, so that when they leave they are even more alike than when they arrive. Professor Jacob finds that his subjects are unabashedly self-centered, and that perhaps they are "the forerunners of a major cultural and ethical revolution, the unconscious ushers of an essentially secular (though nominally religious), self-oriented (though group-conforming) society." The idea strikes a chord; there could be something in it.

2. In the Schools

SCHOOLS WITHOUT SCHOLARS. By John Keats. Houghton Mifflin Co. 202 pp. $3.

WHAT WE WANT OF OUR SCHOOLS. By Irving Adler. John Day Co. 256 pp. $3.75.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR HIGH SCHOOLS? By John F. Latimer. Public Affairs Press. 138 pp. $3.25.

Harold Howe II

WE public educators, who have for years felt neglected or even ignored, are suddenly confronted with more attention than we can easily absorb. Magazines, television, press and radio are so busy taking us apart and putting us back together in different shapes that we are beleaguered by too much interest rather than too little.

Still, the concern is healthy and these three books are a further expression of it. The first is a lively book, the second a thoughtful book, and the third an attempt at a scholarly book. All three try within short scope to provide cogent generalizations in an area—the American public school—where generalizations are impossible. The one broad statement which can be made is that our schools present a picture of diversity. A reader should approach these books with three assumptions: *What's Happened To Our High Schools?* is not a question to be answered by averaging figures about all our high schools; *What We Want Of Our Schools* will be different in different localities with different problems; although *Schools Without Scholars* exist, they do not exist universally.

In fairness to Mr. Keats it must be said that he qualifies his criticism and is aware of the wide spectrum of quality among American schools. His book is grounded in the sensible notion that schools exist to teach children the knowledge and skills which will make them self-reliant, mature individuals. He stands for "fundamental mental disciplines in sound, number, line, word, time and space" as well as for teachers with effective techniques of instruction supported by subject matter backgrounds which are adequate. Mr. Keats's sympathies are nearer the traditionalist extreme than the progressive, and when he makes someone look silly it is generally a modern educator. The inadequate "old-fashioned" teacher can be made equally ridiculous by a clever writer.

Mr. Keats asks for a new examination of the curriculum and for removal of studies which are not related to essential skills, which are not important in understanding the traditions of Western man, or which can be as well carried on through the family or some community agency other than the school. He questions the validity of using the high school to teach how to drive a car. *Schools Without Scholars* is particularly valuable in analyzing the problems of public education in suburban communities where a high percentage of students go on to college. But it raises issues about teacher education and about the place of the citizen in determining the policy of the schools which are worth the attention of all schools.

IRVING ADLER'S *What We Want of Our Schools* carries the subtitle, "Plain Talk on Education from Theory to Budgets." In between philosophy and money matters Mr. Adler has one chapter which is a short essay on juvenile delinquency and a final chapter on the education of Negroes. The main focus of the book is on the dynamics of American society as they affect the development of public schools, on the way the learning process operates in the individual, and on the pros and cons of the movement called "progressive education." Mr. Adler makes a real contribution to current debate on this last topic:

> The progressive education movement arose as an attempt to achieve two laudable goals — adapting the school to the needs of a changing society and to the needs of growing children. . . . The good tendencies include stress on discussion, criticism and freedom of thought; the use of experience with concrete materials to develop the meaning of abstractions and to provide opportunities to use what is learned; and attention to the emotional development of the child. The bad tendencies include indoctrination for the *status quo*, and underestimation of the importance of knowledge, systematic instruction, sustained effort and drill. . . . We cannot solve the problem of the schools by accepting or rejecting all of progressive education.

Throughout the book one is constantly aware of Mr. Adler's belief in the importance of full educational opportunities for all American children regardless of family background, race, or creed. But in pursuing this belief with reference to the use of testing programs in the schools he commits what I regard as the one serious error in the book.

The chapter called "The I.Q. Hoax" makes a sharp attack on the misuse of intelligence testing. "As a first step the schools should abolish the use of intelligence tests. The tests serve no useful purpose whatsoever." In Mr. Adler's view the tests are used to categorize students into narrow classifications. Children thus regimented are then fed a curricular diet regarded as appropriate for them. They are permanently relegated to limited opportunity—trapped into watered-down studies which deny them the chance to enlarge their faculties. This is particularly true, he argues, of students whose backgrounds present some handicap, so that I.Q. testing is discrimination in disguise.

Mr. Adler is beating a horse which was lively thirty years ago but which is close to dead now. Educators are aware of the limitations of intelligence testing. They know that cultural influences affect performance on tests. Most educators today would agree with his italicized statement: "The only way to develop the abilities of a child up to a limit of his powers is to strive constantly to develop his powers beyond the limits of his present abilities."

But educators would also say that the intelligence which schools are most concerned with is the capacity to conceptualize ideas in the form of words. This capacity can be roughly measured by intelligence testing. Since the school has to know where the student is in order to start improving him, the tests are useful although not definitive instruments. In most modern American schools sophisticated users of intelligence testing data are not committing the sins Mr. Adler attributes to them.

John F. Latimer's *What's Happened To Our High Schools?* traces the num-

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bers and percentages of students enrolled in thirteen broad fields found in the high school curriculum. His analysis, based on U.S. Office of Education figures, shows the changes which have occurred in the patterns of courses offered and of courses elected by students during the first half of the twentieth century. There is considerable discussion of the effects of a larger proportion of the teen-age group attending high school as well as of the relationship between high schools and advanced education.

Unfortunately this book, which is the result of much careful work, bogs down in its own statistics. It contains some insights worth attention, but it would contribute more to understanding the high school if it gave less attention to minor differences in statistical data and offered a better-organized analysis of broad trends.

Science by Jury

SIX DAYS OR FOREVER? Tennessee v. John Thomas Scopes. By Ray Ginger. Beacon Press. 258 pp. $3.95.

Gearge Gaylord Simpson

IN 1925 the Tennessee legislature passed an act making it a misdemeanor to teach in state-supported schools "any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." Later in that same year John Scopes, teacher in a public high school, was tried in Dayton, Tennessee, for violation of that act. There were whole batteries of lawyers on both sides, but attention focused on William Jennings Bryan, for the prosecution, and Clarence Darrow, for the defense. The trial attracted world-wide attention, and its continuing dramatic appeal is demonstrated by the success of a current play, *Inherit the Wind,* on Broadway, and by the publication of the present book.

At least two peculiarities make the case unique among famous trials. First, there was never any interest in the guilt or innocence of the accused. Indeed there was no final verdict. Second, there was not and still is not any clear agreement as to the real issues involved or as to their merits.

The ultimate legal aim of the defense was to have the law declared unconstitutional. To that end the defense lawyers went so far as to plead for the jury to convict their client. The jury obliged, but the verdict was nullified and the constitutional issue was never settled. The prosecution and the judge made gestures toward specifying the guilt of the defendant as the only point properly under discussion, but even they recognized a broad fringe of other and deeper concerns. Both sides, but especially the defense, paid more attention to arguing whether the fundamentalist or the evolutionary stand was true. It seems not to have been fully recognized that the very fact of arguing this point conceded to the prosecution one, at least, of the really basic issues involved.

Can the truth or falsity of a scientific proposition about nature be settled by a popular vote, by a legislature, or by a jury? (It happened that this jury had no intellectual qualifications whatever, but the principle would have been the same if it had been a jury of eminent scientists.) That question surely was one of the most significant aspects of the case. It was, anomalously and damagingly, the "enlightened" defense that tried to present the question of scientific truth to the jury and the "backward" prosecution and judge who tended to block that presentation as irrelevant.

Furthermore, the American Civil Liberties Union, which largely managed and supported the defense, stated that another of its purposes was to show that science and religion are not incompatible. But, again, the mere presentation of that argument to a court was deeply damaging to the cause of freedom of scientific investigation. It implies that when a given scientific theory and any particular religious dogma are in fact incompatible, a court of law is competent to reconcile them or to convict one or the other of error. The ACLU also wanted to oppose any restrictive legislation on the teaching of science, but that essential stand for freedom was negated when the attorneys argued against the legislation not because it was restrictive but because it disagreed with a consensus of scientists.

Behind all this was a context, a climate of mind, a crisis in the history of man, in which the specific issue of evolution was only incidental. In another arena, the same battle was joined between those who accepted the Bible as above all rational consideration and those who investigated its historical aspects by the mundane methods of historical research. Most broadly of all, the almost indescribably complex background was that of the long search for truth and of choice between authority or dogma and rational investigation.

None of the issues, not even the narrowest, was settled. None was even adequately presented. Beneath the drama the trial was, at most, a symptom of change. A symptom and not a cause. This conclusion is arguable, but it does seem probable that the trial had no significant effect on subsequent history. It did not demonstrably change anyone's opinion on evolution, on academic freedom, on the limits of legitimate legislation, or on anything else. Fundamentalists are still probably as numerous as ever, but evolution is still taught in many Southern schools and elsewhere. The Tennessee law is still on the books, but none of its many violators has ever been prosecuted since Scopes. The effort to legislate against

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Plaint for the Death of Guillén Peraza

(from the Medieval Spanish)

Grieve, ladies, so may God keep you.
Guillén Peraza remained in Las Palmas,
Withered, the flower of his face.

No palm are you, you are broom,
You are cypress of mournful bough,
You are misfortune, dire misfortune.

May molten stone buckle your fields,
May you see no pleasures, only sorrows,
May the sand-pits cover your flowers.

Guillén Peraza, Guillén Peraza,
Where is your shield, where is your spear?
By ill fortune all is ended.

W. S. MERWIN

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evolution was eventually dropped, but not demonstrably or probably as a result of this trial. Attempts to restrict freedom of inquiry and of teaching have since taken other lines and may possibly have decreased, but certainly have not disappeared.

At any rate, the trial was a fascinating show, if only as a vivid but ignoble episode in the twilight of two great careers. Ray Ginger has done a fine job of research and of writing, with emphasis on the drama but without neglect of more sober and more somber aspects.

Poet-Traveler

THE MARCHES OF EL DORADO. By Michael Swan. Beacon Press. 304 pp. $4.95.

Carleton Beals

HERE is a wandering Englishman who finds life's kinship in Alexander Pope and has to read a chapter of Dickens every night by hurricane lamp after a grueling day through the jungle. Yet he missed little of nature and man in his British Guiana hegira — except several thousand-foot waterfalls. From his book you learn many useful things: the world's toughest glue is made from the gillbacker (not in Webster), the heated juice of the cracata or tree-oyster (not in Webster) will cure earache, and by drinking from the throat-bone of a red howling monkey you can cure any throat ailment.

You may never read *Our Mutual Friend* in a Wapishana hammock, with ants eating up your plastic raincoat underneath, but you can't help becoming interested in the people who make a mesh so pliable it can be drawn through a small ring, yet so strong it can be spread out to hold a whole family with comfort and safety. Without the Carib-Arawak *hamaca* human life in the jungle could not go on. The Indians who loll in them don't read Horace, Blake and Shelley as Swan does; they invent lovely, witty etiological myths. When men first came down to earth from heaven near the Orinoco delta—finding it better than heaven — the last of the tribe, a fat woman, got stuck in the sky-rent, so they had to remain on earth. She's still there —the sun—a version that far outshines our pale Garden of Eden myth.

Swan's book is packed with details about everything and everybody in that mighty empire — from humble lichens and black butterflies to grandiose cosmogony, yet is so deftly, vividly written, so replete with adventures and funny-bone anecdotes, such a kindly joke's-on-me attitude toward mankind's ludicrous fumbling, that reader interest rarely flags. Witness his salty sympathy for the bitter will-o'-the-wisp fantasies of the diamond and gold hunters, those sordid modern knights seeking El Dorado. He has a poet's power to evoke the splendors of river, forest and crag; bird and tiger burning bright; the deadly saw-tooth piranha fish, too, and electric eels, vampire bats and bushmasters. Ugliness, which he does not shirk, melts away in the exuberance of his insatiable, fearless curiosity.

THE author does not depend solely upon physical motion and personal observations; he has read and pondered nearly all the significant literature from Sir Walter Raleigh to the latest archaeological findings (not yet published) of Meggins and Evans, the work of the Schomburgk brothers, Von Humboldt, Kock-Grünberg and above all, Im Thurn. If he hasn't looked into the great five-volume Carib encyclopedia by Albrick (in Dutch), neither has any other American or English authority. He seems to have neglected Farabee, Gillen, Hilhouse and the important Antoine Biet (1652) but his scholarship is enormous.

More mystifying is his omission of ant-collector Dr. Paul A. Zahl. For both men, the climax of trip and book was the ascent of mist-shrouded Mount Roraima, the 10,000-foot buttress upon which Venezuela, Brazil and British Guiana pivot. That mystic eminence is the heart of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. Swan implies that, except for a Venezuelan border-survey commissioner, the magic mountain had never been climbed since Im Thurn's initial success in 1885, and he claims to have followed a route never attempted by earlier explorers. Actually Zahl went in by the almost identical route in 1939, and his account of the conquest of the mountain is more breath-taking.

But Swan's book has more universal scope. His trip to the Barima River and Towakaima Falls in the Forgotten Province scarcely needs his quotation from Thoreau to justify it. In his fascinating journey by jeep through El Dorado, the supposed site of the mythical golden island city Manoa, sought for by Raleigh, the Conquistadores, and the hero of Kingsley's absurd *Westward Ho!* (not

CARLETON BEALS has worked as a journalist in Latin America for many years. Among his books on that section of the world are Banana Gold, The Crime of Cuba, America South, Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

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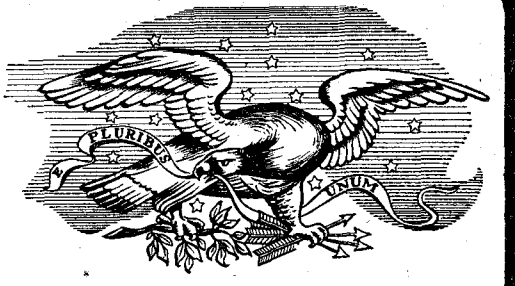

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mentioned here), Swan makes the best of that isolated dreariness: land-seizures and governmental neglect, lost English ranchers, Negroes, half-breeds, benighted missionaries and Indians becoming confused by a changing world.

To see, smell, feel, sing, strike deep, Swan has to be in the forest, not the savannah or the city. His Georgetown interludes are banal. His tepid defense of the Empire is hackneyed. Out of deference to the headlines, with manful effort of tolerance, if not comprehension, he interviewed Cheddi Jagan (so maligned because of his white Marxist wife) whose overwhelming victory at the polls was nullified by democratic British gunboats. In Georgetown Swan is among the little clique of Charlemagnesque sugar-planters who in 200 years have put less than 200 square miles of a country twice as large as England under cultivation (mostly the Dutch did it): no industries, no interior roads, railroads or air-strips. Here he lowers his sights from his vast vision of this wealthy land to sweatshop level, hemming the national problem into the puerile alternative of sugar-slavery or ruin. Fortunately he does not often concern himself with politics or economics. His one intolerable vulgarity is applying the word "Creole" to pure-blooded Negroes.

Still, these complaints should not be given too much weight in the context of this book—it is flesh-warm, wing-wild, knowledgeable; one of the best of this year of 1958.

Varieties of Submission

RUSSIAN FICTION AND SOVIET IDEOLOGY: Introduction to Fedin, Leonov and Sholokhov. By Ernest J. Simmons. Columbia University Press. 267 pp. $4.75.

Alexander Werth

HAVING MET all three of Professor Simmons' heroes, I found his book particularly fascinating and—let me say right away—acute and penetrating in its assessment of the more or less tragic dilemma which all three of them have faced in the past quarter-century. I met urbane, very European, very old-Russian-intellectual Fedin as long ago as 1934 in Paris, and many times after that in Moscow; Leonov, the "peasant boy" with the gruff, Party-boy manner, I met at various official functions in Moscow during the war. Outwardly, there was nothing Dostoevskian about him. Sholokhov I met only once, in the summer of 1942. He had had a lot to drink that day, and spoke with a kind of frantic desperation of the rapid German advance through his beloved Don country. Of the three, he was the only one who struck me as completely sincere and wholly uninhibited.

Why did Mr. Simmons pick on these three? It is because he is trying to find an answer to a question that has been in the minds of many students of Soviet literature: how was it possible for writers of such great talent, originality, mental independence and integrity to survive the worst days of Zhdanovism and to remain honored writers in the Soviet Union—writers whose works continue to sell literally in millions of copies?

Mr. Simmons takes the poorest possible view of the whole literary set-up in Russia, and reminds me of a casual remark once made by Pasternak: "Socially and economically this is probably going to turn out a very fine achievement—only where in hell do art and literature fit into it?"

> Both literature and the criticism of it . . . promote not the aims of art, but the aims of Communism. As a consequence, the Soviet Union, in the forty years of its existence, has not produced a significant national literature. . . . Though peculiarly Soviet in content, its literary product has no claim to inclusion in the treasury of world art. This failure among so talented a people must be charged solely to the determination of the Communist Party to fetter the free creative spirit of the literary artist and bend it to its own will.

All the same, Mr. Simmons is both puzzled and fascinated by the fact that, in this Soviet desert of literary conformity, there should still be a few little cases of genuine and unrepressed talent; and the most important of these, in his view, are Fedin, Leonov and Sholokhov. What have these three in common? All of them, in Mr. Simmons' view, live largely in the past; and their work represents a constant struggle between the "old" and the "new"; and the story he tells is, in reality, the story of three different "conversions" or rather, "adaptations" to present-day Soviet ways of thinking. In none of the three cases has the "adaptation" been complete; that

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is perhaps why all three have managed, in Mr. Simmons' view, to "contribute a modicum of artistic dignity to Soviet literature." Without any controls, he suggests, they would have done infinitely better still.

An important fact, which Mr. Simmons constantly stresses, is that all three began to write soon after 1917—or, at any rate, before the literary *gleichschaltung* of 1932—that is, during that short spell when "writers experienced the freedom and creative *élan* of the only revolutionary period of Soviet literature." In the twenties, Fedin wrote *Cities and Years,* Leonov, *The Badgers* and *The Thief* (which has been significantly omitted from his recent *Collected Works),* while Sholokhov wrote *The Silent Don,* the only Soviet novel perhaps which contains a truly unforgettable love story—the story of Gregor and Aksinia.

WHAT also fascinates Mr. Simmons in all three writers is the fact that, even when they try to do so, they never manage to create a "perfect Soviet hero." When such "positive" heroes do appear, they remain shadowy and unconvincing. Sholokhov's heroes are individualists and un-Soviet; Leonov, though a good Party boy, still hankers for tormented, Dostoevskian souls; the case of Fedin is less clear, and also less interesting, and one may even regret that Mr. Simmons should have included him among the "big three." For all his nostalgia for pre-revolutionary Russia, Fedin has, after all, adapted himself rather more fully than the other two to the current pattern of the Soviet writer's "home work."

THE cases of Leonov and Sholokhov are far more interesting. Leonov started as one of the wildest of the wild men in the *Sturm und Drang* years of the 1920s, a writer of tremendous vigor and gusto, of a rich, anarchical style, and with a fascinating genius for pungent Dostoevskian situations and Dostoevskian buffoonery. One might argue that such buffoonery is "un-Soviet." It is certainly absent from the pages of *Krokodil;* but anyone who has lived in Russia during the war years knows that even then the element of buffoonery was very much alive; and neither buffoonery nor "mysteriousness" have completely disappeared from even so seemingly *bien-pensant* a book as Leonov's latest big novel, *The Russian Forest,* written no less than eighteen years after his previous big novel.

Leonov, though only a "fellow traveler" in the 1920s, became genuinely converted to communism in the early 30s; he was fascinated by the grandiose nature of both industrialization and collectivization; but, as an artist, he persisted in his refusal to simplify human beings. All his later work, therefore, must be regarded as a sort of honorable compromise, and if Leonov has not been treated more harshly in recent years, it is because he represents, in a way, a very curious phenomenon in Communist art policy: if an artist is a genuinely great artist and outwardly conforms, certain allowances are made in his case, which would not be made in the case of the smaller fry. We have a parallel example in music: Shostakovich, who has some curious points in common with Leonov, is also tolerated and even honored; he is, in short, big enough not to have to conform completely, except in his official political utterances. Occasionally he is gently rebuked for the introspection, the neuroticism and the buffoonery to be found in his music, but he remains "a great Soviet artist." Only at the very height of Zhdanovism was he denied this description.

The case of Sholokhov is, I feel, much more tragic. For what has Sholokhov written since *The Silent Don* in the late 20s and *Virgin Soil Upturned* in the early 30s? A few admittedly admirable fragments—but still only fragments—of a great new novel-to-be; a few vigorous war-time pamphlet-like, short stories and apart from that—nothing. In short, Sholokhov, the creator of the immense, flesh-and-blood world of *The Silent Don,* has been almost silent for twenty-five years. I have heard some of the pundits of the Writers' Union darkly hinting at Sholokhov's "alcoholism." Much more plausible is the explanation that his silence has been a protest against the demands made upon him by the Party and by the Writers' Union. At the height of the literary "thaw" in 1954 he appeared at the Congress of Soviet Writers and, in the most explosive speech made there, he denounced the Writers' Union and spoke words of bitter sarcasm about spokesmen like Simonov and Ehrenburg who, for all their apparent quarrels and conflicts, all belonged, he said, to the same gang.

What of the future? Mr. Simmons attempts no answer. There is little doubt that Khrushchev's Russia is more liberal than Stalin's in all fields—except one. And that is the field of literature. For the time being, at any rate, the "thaw" in this field is over, as is

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also the brief moment of "Dudintsevism"; and Shepilov, who was the Party's arbiter of the arts, is being denounced today as a double-crosser, who was prepared to tolerate dangerous deviations from the straight path of *partiinost,* or the "Party spirit," in literature. It was possible, in 1952-53, to induce Sholokhov to prepare a "revised version" of *The Silent Don.* It was a distasteful job, but he did it. Whether he ever completes his great new novel, *They Fought for their Country,* is quite another matter. It is a question which perhaps one man, and one man only—Nikita Khrushchev—can answer.

Modest Ambitions

THE MAN WHO BROKE THINGS. By John Brooks. Harper & Bros. 312 pp. $3.95.
THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS. By Frederick Buechner. Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pp. $3.75.
YOUNG MR. KEEFE. By Stephen Birmingham. Little, Brown. 369 pp. $3.95.
THE SERGEANT. By Dennis Murphy. Viking Press. 254 pp. $3.50.

David L. Stevenson

THE FOUR recent novels by the young writers listed above are examples of intelligent reportorial fiction. This variety of novel reached prominence at the turn of the century, with the works of Howells and Norris. It continues to be practiced today by such established figures as Marquand, O'Hara and Cozzens, and by many of the young initiates. It exists as a comfortable, traditional kind of writing, pretty much outside the boundaries of serious literary criticism, pleasing its readers by its careful plotting and by its mirror-like fidelity to the transient moment which it reflects. Such fiction makes little effort to stir our pity and terror, to alter our way of perceiving the world or ourselves. Rather, it is a concentrated report, in the form of a novel, presenting segments or aspects of society with which we are already somewhat familiar. In each of the examples under immediate review, it is an honest report, set down in a plain-style prose with no special heightening energy in itself. And it is a report, like that of Cozzens' *By Love Possessed,* that is exciting and alive only in the act of reading it. It leaves no residue of allegorical or symbolic suggestion in the mind. Its total meaning is in the events narrated, and it exhausts its meaning in the telling.

John Brooks's *The Man Who Broke Things* is his third novel, and his third documentary on American life at mid-century. His first, *The Big Wheel,* was a report on the tensions and conflicts of personality on the staff of a weekly news magazine. His second, *A Pride of Lions,* described the not uncommon predicament of a young man caught between the sophisticated life of his New York job and the environmental pull of the small-town attitudes in which he grew up. This third novel by Brooks is an account of the battle for control of a very large corporation. We remember that such battles actually occurred in recent years, with full newspaper coverage, over the proxies of Montgomery Ward and The New York Central. The dramatic interest of *The Man Who Broke Things* is centered upon the domestic and private lives of the junior executives whose mortgage payments and love affairs are dependent upon who wins. The philosophical-moral interest is centered upon the insistent question of the whole novel: What motivates a man like the central character Haislip to dedicate his every thought, and to sacrifice every friend, to a ruthless quest for corporate power? Mr. Brooks finds that he can give us a clear and definite answer to this question, and thereby keep his novel within the limits of communication appropriate to his third report.

FREDERICK BUECHNER'S *The Return of Ansel Gibbs* is also a third novel, though it is his first attempt at reportorial fiction (his first two novels, *A Long Day's Dying* and *The Seasons' Difference,* were studies in character, mood and sensibility). Like *The Man Who Broke Things,* its setting and array of characters are close to the observable, this time in contemporary political America. Ansel Gibbs, detached and skeptical, a modern Henry Adams, has been asked to join the President's Cabinet. He is opposed by a Senator Farwell, an opportunistic mouther of small-town sentimentalities. They confront each other on a television broadcast conducted by a young man noted for tricking his victims into disastrous disclosures. Ansel Gibbs reveals himself for what he is, a man who finds it difficult to commit himself to any action because he sees "as much falseness as truth in almost everything." He also shows himself imprudently scornful of political statesmen who operate on moral insights no heavier than a sleepy Sunday's sermon, and whose perceptions and utterances are such quarter truths as would not convince an intelligent man as to the importance of living one day longer. The novel asks two questions: Is there any function for such a man as Gibbs in contemporary politics? Could such a man be cleared by the Senate? In summarizing its findings, the novel allows Gibbs, after a

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

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series of crises, to think himself fit for the job. He is fortunately confirmed by the Senate, and his daughter rounds things out by marrying the brash young man with the television show.

Stephen Birmingham's *Young Mr. Keefe* and Dennis Murphy's *The Sergeant* are first novels by young men in their twenties, reports on love, marriage and sexual ambivalence in a world haunted by the insights of Freud and the facts of Kinsey. *Young Mr. Keefe* asks whether a fragile, unselfish, married love can survive San Francisco's Telegraph Hill cocktail parties, casual adultery, and the unknowingness of being merely very young. *The Sergeant* asks whether a healthy, sunlit, lyrical romance with a French girl of endless patience can survive her American private's gnawing, unfaced homosexual corruption by a master sergeant in an army depot. The reporter's final answer, in each case, is "Yes, of course."

These four reportorial novels are certainly written well within the mainstream of American fiction of the past fifty years. And it is easy to find pleasant things to say of each. Brooks's *The Man Who Broke Things* reveals him as an amiable, perceptive commentator, essentially an entertainer who keeps all moments of quiet desperation out of bounds. Buechner, in *The Return of Ansel Gibbs,* is a skilled observer and literary craftsman who stays off the seriously tragic implications in the predicament of his central character by the persistent and oracular theological musings of a minor figure in the novel's action. Birmingham's *Young Mr. Keefe* and Murphy's *The Sergeant,* in addition to a simple competence of presentation, have the added and unintended charm of giving the reader a glimpse of the world through the naive eyes of the truly young. But it should be noticed that these four documentary novels speak well of only momentary things. This stream of our fiction has produced dozens of Tarkingtons and Upton Sinclairs. The significant Dreiser or Lewis or Fitzgerald who emerges from it is almost as rare as the unicorn.

Mark Schorer, in his essay "Technique as Discovery" *(Hudson Review,* 1948), has argued that a documentary novel which can be discussed only for its content is not subject to serious literary criticism, "that to speak of content as such is not to speak of art at all, but of experience . . . it is only when we speak of the achieved content . . . that we speak as critics." Since I am inclined to agree with this statement, I find it difficult to feel anything stronger for these four present novelist-reporters than admiration for a job of observation rendered intelligently and in clear prose. Their books permit us to ask only very simple questions: Is the reporting accurate? Is the material observed of general interest? Will they be made into movies? The post-war period has given us many excellent small novels of sensibility, a dozen or so desperate pseudo-masterpieces, a handful of novels that one would have to classify as significant art, with a truly achieved content. I wish, therefore, to register finally only my surprise that these four brightly alert young writers have set such modest limits to what they have attempted.

THEATRE

Charles A. Fenton

WHEN Archibald MacLeish's new verse play, *J. B.,* was published a few weeks ago, the range of the book-reviewers' reactions was not broad. It extended from the ecstatic to the unhinged. One reviewer, himself an important poet and as a critic known previously for his absolute and wrathful professional standards, declared that *J. B.* was likely to become "one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time."

This was big talk. The skeptical, without bothering to read the play, spoke of middle-brow taste and journalistic values; the cynical mentioned literary log-rolling. Last week, however, the Yale School of Drama provided an opportunity for the faithful, the skeptical and the cynical to experience *J. B.* in the medium for which Mr. MacLeish intended it.

For five nights and a matinee, in the heady atmosphere of a world premiere, town and gown mingled in the opulent University Theatre which Yale's Harkness built for Harvard's Baker and to which Yale's MacLeish now returned briefly from Harvard's Boylston professorship. Each performance was sold out

CHARLES A. FENTON, assistant professor of English at Yale University, is the author of The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway *and has completed a biography of Stephen Vincent Benét, to be published in the fall.*

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days in advance. The Dean of the School of Drama himself directed the production. Someone inquired if A. Whitney Griswold was going to play Job. The Department of English sent its masters of biblical exegesis to inspect this native talent. One sensed that they did not plan to enjoy it. After all, to have seen *The Cocktail Party* was sufficient bounty for one critical lifetime.

IT really appeared that MacLeish was inviting for himself a set of vocational sores that would match the fleshly ones of the play's hero. In the fullness of a remarkable career, during which he has played with creative distinction a number of roles—Washington bureaucrat, public orator, *Fortune* editor, senior professor—that are normally and regularly robbed of their vitality by lesser men, MacLeish seemed to have willfully chosen to return to the scene of his earliest triumphs for a final destruction.

The audience, primarily academic and intellectual, and thus representing the two groups which have always been uneasy and resentful of MacLeish's conception and execution of the writer as a public figure, had an air of expectant cannibalism. The prospective contest seemed about as equal as an invitation to the literary quarterlies to reassess the career and achievement of James Whitcomb Riley.

And yet, it seems to me, MacLeish was the winner. *J. B.* is a moving and exciting play. Its theme of regeneration is dramatically plausible; it is regeneration independent of the cautious borrowing this literary theme has normally received during the past thirty years. It may well be that *J. B.* is better theatre than poetry, and yet even this, if true, is additional evidence of MacLeish's success. The verse which, when read in the published volume seemed sometimes forced and stagey, has when spoken the grandiloquent bite required by so ambitious an effort. It was, as the production showed, language which summoned a sobriety of response and yet simultaneously provided the verbal extravagance that good drama—particularly when set under a circus top—must have. By superb craftsmanship MacLeish maintains the intricacies of his situation — a play within a play — on three levels of meaning, the theatrical, the actual and the real. All this despite the fact that J. B. and his wife were thoroughly miscast, the one lacking entirely the physical buoyancy and the other the New England self-torment which MacLeish had written for them.

To the literary historian *J. B.* is a fruitful document, reminding us by its vibrancy and courage of the achievement of American literature in the past half century, reminding us again of the role of Puritanism in even an anti-Puritan literary period, reminding us of the zest and grace with which MacLeish's literary generation has performed. It is a tonic too, it seems to me, to witness in MacLeish's continued and meaningful productivity a denial of the historical and critical dogma about the premature collapse of literary talent that is said to occur within all American literary generations.

The simplicity of MacLeish's final symbols—a branch of forsythia, a desperate embrace by Job and his wife—seemed to embarrass the professorial audience. It was too simple, too ordinary; it was too readily understood. The notion that the individual is superior to the institution—that Job is superior to God—is not critically palatable to the institutionalized. There were mutters that it was objectionable to have one's emotions manipulated so expertly; this was the unwilling confirmation of MacLeish's theatrical success. *J. B.*, it's a pleasure to report, is good theatre and a fine display of a writer of genuine intellectual substance who has nevertheless always remembered and created emotion. "It's like those damn things that got us so excited in the 1930s," someone grumbled later on York Street. It was not meant as a compliment to *J. B.*, but I suspect MacLeish would have been pleased at that kind of memory of emotion and belief.

Spring

(from the French by Paul Eluard)

On the beachfront—
  puddles of water.
In the woods—
  trees full of birds.
On the mountain tops—
  snow melting.
On the apple trees
  branches burning
with such bright blossoms
  sun goes pale.

It was a winter evening
  in a frozen world
with you my innocent
that I saw this spring
  at your side.
There is no night for us.
Nothing that dies touches you.
You will never be cold.
Our spring is a spring that makes sense.

WALTER LOWENFELS

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

FOR their last Carnegie Hall program of the season, before leaving on a tour of Central and South America, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic gave a concert performance, in English, of Arthur Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*. It was a monumental affair. The Westminster Choir, which is enormous, was terraced upward across the back of the stage, its members clad in pale, flame-like robes. In the heart of this choir sat another, a white-robed children's chorus from the Columbus Boychoir School, and also a group of soloists to take care of the work's numerous individual singing roles. By means of doublings, the eleven parts were carried by only five, top-flight singers: Adele Addison, Leontyne Price, Frances Bible, David Lloyd and Lorenzo Alvary.

This impressive apparatus comprised the production's singing half. There was also, of course, the Philharmonic, its proportions augmented by two pianos placed directly in front of the podium, and its sound altered by the addition of three alto saxophones. To the conductor's left stood a slender, gray and scarlet figure of Jeanne herself, impersonated on this occasion by Felicia Montealegre, who is in private life Mrs. Leonard Bernstein. (Jeanne is accorded a speaking-acting role in Honegger's "dramatic oratorio," although the action does not permit her to move from the spot where she is supposed to be chained to the stake.) Another important speaking character in the drama, Brother Dominic, was represented by the French baritone, Martial Singher, standing behind a rostrum at the stage's extreme left and speaking through a microphone.

There was no end to the production's spectacularity; no fault in its sophisticated attention to details, nor in its sense of theatricality as illustrated, for example, by the device of having some speaking voices come booming through loudspeakers while others emerged from the massed chorus. There were also lighting effects which I would have supposed Carnegie Hall incapable of providing, and which heightened the drama.

I stress the elaborateness of this production and its high artistic tone (both musical and theatrical) because despite them, *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher* was a disappointment. It was staggering, but left me largely unmoved. Perhaps this was because I had previously known the work in its staged version, as performed at the Paris Opéra. There, Jeanne stands on a circular dais, enchained, with the choruses sitting as if in jury boxes, in great semi-circles at the stage's left and right. Everything is either acted or mimed. The friend from heaven, Frère Dominique, sits at the foot of Jeanne's dais and reads to her from a huge, Bible-like book containing the minutes of her trials. When the choruses rise up and shout at her, they become both jury and populace. Characters in the drama who are described as beasts appear on stage in that guise, and satyrical charades take place around Jeanne's stylized pyre.

OBVIOUSLY, none of this is possible in a concert version, and I do not object in principle to its absence. My chagrin comes from another quarter—that I have, over a period of years, entertained for Honegger's score a far higher regard than it really deserves. That the work was, in certain places, a bit stagnant was apparent even in the mimed version; the action spun its wheels occasionally while repetitive words or musical passages came forth. But this did not seem important, for the eye was occupied. Then too, the French language has an innately poetic quality which can make repetitions of even the single word "Jeanne" (especially in a declamatory, theatrical style) infinitely appealing and dramatic. In English, the affective weights are changed, and even such a pure translation as the Philharmonic's (by Dennis Arundell) cannot avoid an alteration of poetic values. I do not remember my reaction to the French equivalent of "I am going—I am going—I am gone," if such there was in the Opéra production, but the lines must have seemed to carry poetic gradations now missing from the English. At Carnegie Hall, Joan was going—going—gone, several times. But I knew perfectly well that the oratorio was only half over, and that she was not really going for a long time.

My basic discouragement with the music for *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*, however, as it revealed itself nakedly in concert performance is that it too often reaches for sentiment instead of deep emotion, and effect instead of substance. These are weaknesses which staging can disguise and, in a temporary fashion, seem to justify. But once recognized, they continue to rankle. The repetitiousness of Honegger's music might be accepted in terms of the oratorio's staged version, for he was working with montage effects and multiple flashbacks throughout. But cheapness of musical

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feeling cannot really be excused, and I'm sorry to say that Honneger's music for *Jeanne d'Arc* is too often oversweet and inflated in sentiment. It is beset by a problem which afflicts all but the greatest French music—how to be serious, not to say proclamatory, without giving up one's feelings as a *boulevardier*.

ART

Maurice Grosser

EDWARD MELCARTH is showing at Durlacher's through May 17 some seventeen canvases as well as the preparatory sketches for his ceiling in the new Lunt-Fontaine Theatre—the only New York theatre as far as I know ever to have been decorated by a painter of his standing. Melcarth's work has much in common with that of the late Reginald Marsh. He has more violence than Marsh and none of Marsh's bitter and entertaining humor. But both painters have admired the broad restlessness and hasty skill of Tintoretto, and in the elaboration of their common subject — the picturesque brutality of city life — both have been led to investigate Venetian painting methods. Melcarth's heavy, opaque paint and positive color seem to me a sounder version of the technique than Marsh's brown tones and transparent glazes.

Melcarth's pictures are bold and varied—city toughs and urban scenes —a beer-hall doorway, a piazza pavement with strollers and photographer, a workman falling from a scaffold, motorcyclists with their girls, bikes and jackets, a *Bachannalia* of couples petting on Coney Island beach. The largest and most important, *The Rape of the Sabines*, shows a knife battle between teen-age gangs over girls. The work is vigorous and full of invention, freely painted without stylization. The size and ambition of the concepts are ample excuse for details of drawing sometimes crude and unresolved. The work is designed to be seen from a distance. Melcarth, alone of the figurative painters, is thoroughly at home in the mural style. The figure of *Terpsichore* which crowns the Lunt-Fontaine proscenium, is probably the most successful decorative figure of the sort done here in our time.

FAIRFIELD PORTER is showing through May at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery a group of portraits and landscapes. His subject is a domestic one—family and friends and summer in the country —not unlike the subject of the Late Impressionists. In fact, without having actual resemblance, the work recalls Vuillard. The canvases are large, easy, not stylized or overdetailed, with color harmonies in light, clear, but subdued tones. The stroke is broad and liquid. More attention is given to precision of color than to blending of edges. As in the work of Vuillard or André, and for the same reasons of stylistic unity, the sitter's background is given the same importance as his face and figure. I particularly liked a portrait of the painter's youngest son, and a landscape showing garden chairs and table on a deserted lawn. In striking contrast to Melcarth's bright, objective violence, Porter is pensive, intimate and poetic. Both painters are educated, literate men. It is probably their familiarity with the history of art which allows them to avoid the more immediate influences of our time and to attach themselves to anterior traditions.

The Venezuelan painter, Armando Barrios, shown at Wildenstein's until May 10, has another approach to figurative painting. Melcarth uses the Venetians and Porter the Late Impressionists as stylistic guides. Barrios uses Juan Gris —of all the early Cubists the most successful in figure painting. Like Gris, Barrios constructs his pictures out of sharply bounded areas of bright, flat color. These elaborately interlocking webs at first sight seem abstract. On closer inspection they reveal themselves as careful and vivid depictions of scenes from Venezuelan life—of choir boys, monks, laundresses, musicians and dancers. The severe linear style gives the work a hard, decorative brilliance. But Barrios, by his painting skill and accurate eye for gesture, succeeds in endowing his figures with convincing life and quiet humor despite his quasi-historical and arbitrary stylization.

THE use of historical models is characteristic of our time. The rule-of-thumb traditions by which representational painting has always been taught no longer exist, and the student finds little satisfactory guidance in his immediate elders. If he wishes to learn to depict the outside world, he is generally obliged to adopt some historical model and try to solve his problem by methods he can reconstruct from the work of some master of the past.

A bridging such as this is not to be condemned as eclecticism. The painter is not reproducing stylistic details. He is learning from a successful solution how to depict his own world. Once mastery is attained, as it is in these three painters, whatever stylistic references still remain constitute an evocative elegance and not a submissive imitation.

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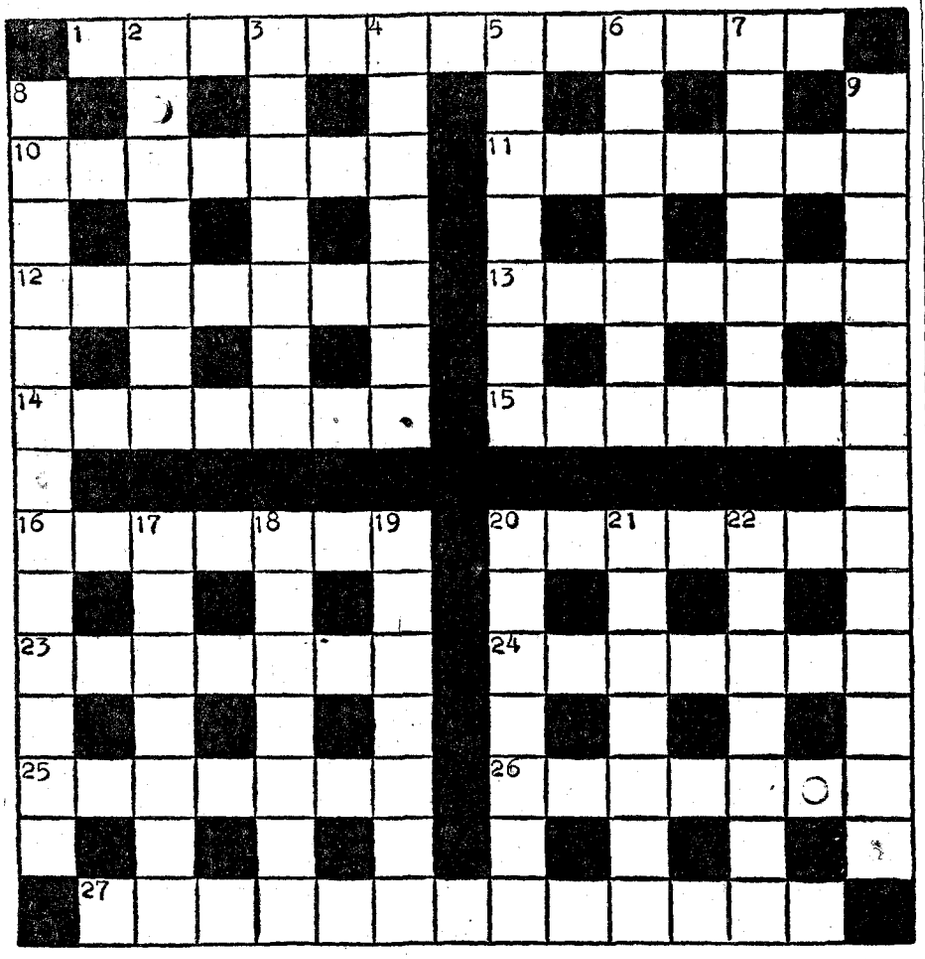
Crossword Puzzle No. 771

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Heavy character of the book, perhaps — the forward-looking sort. (4-5, 4)
10 He might consider craftsmanship a strain. (7)
11 Elucidate what might have to be discovered in the alpine sort. (7)
12 Make like to study 1040, for example. (7)
13 In raising havoc, a dog might get on the table. (7)
14 Insulation, but not to a principle of the islands of Langerhans. (7)
15 Clement might be responsible for such a ten-line composition. (7)
16 Where many workers go for obsequies, perhaps. (7)
20 Append. (7)
23 In older days, one might have been found in either western Europe or Georgia. (7)
24 Flickering or softly radiant. (7)
25 Cementing a sort of gun in it? (7)
26 Writers have dipped into this quite often. (7)
27 People pay more for it in cars, and less for it in workers. (13)

DOWN:

2 Obviously excursions. (7)
3 Strip, like piles do. (7)
4 Spirit in an honorable name? (7)
5 Good hitters are able to do it longer, one can usually see. (7)
6 This storm is nothing in a sort of snake? (7)
7 Appease the locality at the inside. (7)
8 What makes unionism act so hypocritical? (13)
9 Is it made by fat only? Untrue, in a manner not attended by prosperity. (13)
17 He's low German, and not quite himself. (7)
18 He has a base position. (7)
19 It takes money to set a leg broken at this place. (7)
20 Defiles. (7)
21 Run into your relatives from the country? (7)
22 Unity makes no sense here, it seems. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 770

ACROSS: 1 CONTINUED STORY; 9 EXPIATE; 10 AMMONIA; 11 PREFIX; 12 CRANNIES; 14 and 15 STATION WAGON; 17 KITTY; 19 FEE TAIL; 21 TACITURN; 23 and 2 down LITTLE NIPPERS; 25 CAUTION; 26 BROMIDE; 27 BLITHESOMENESS. DOWN: 1 CHEAP-JACK; 3 IMAGINARY; 4 and 8 USED CARS; 5 DEAD RINGER; 6 TIMON; 7 RUNNING; 13 DIFFERENCE; 15 WEARISOME; 16 NOBLENESS; 18 TACTUAL; 20 LATTICE; 21 TUCK; 22 TWIST; 24 EBRO.

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